LAND of the LOST

NO. 8

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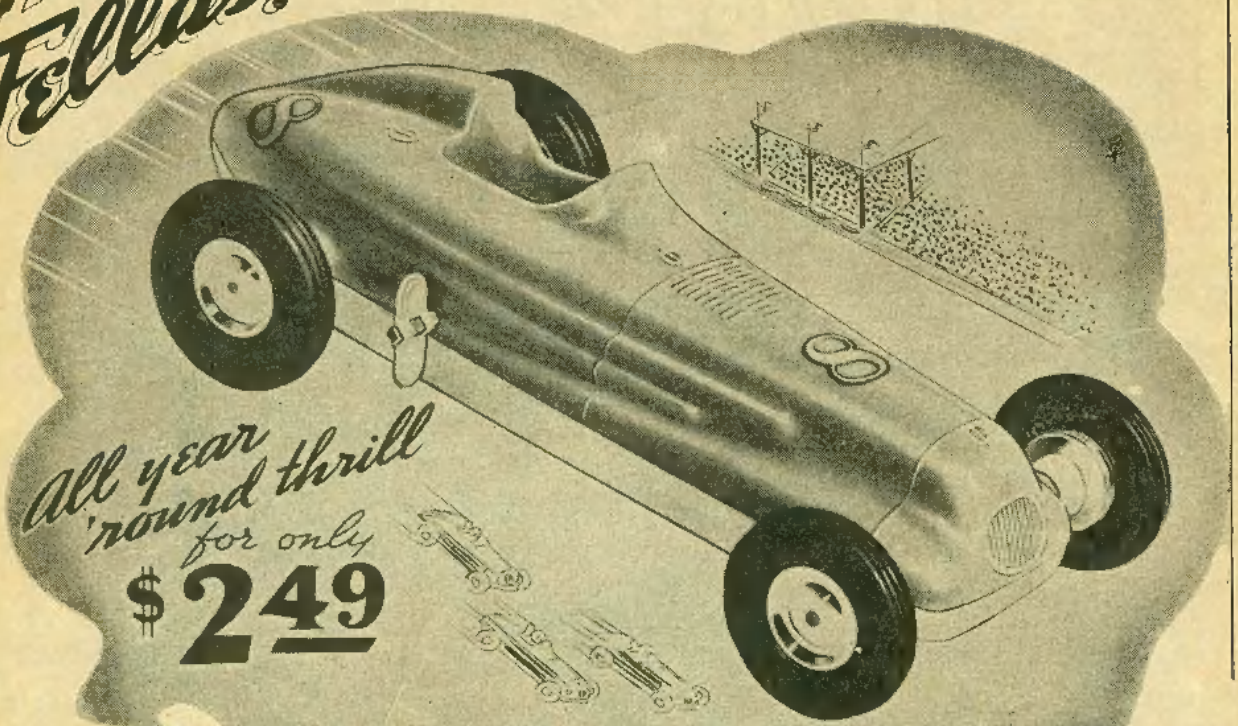

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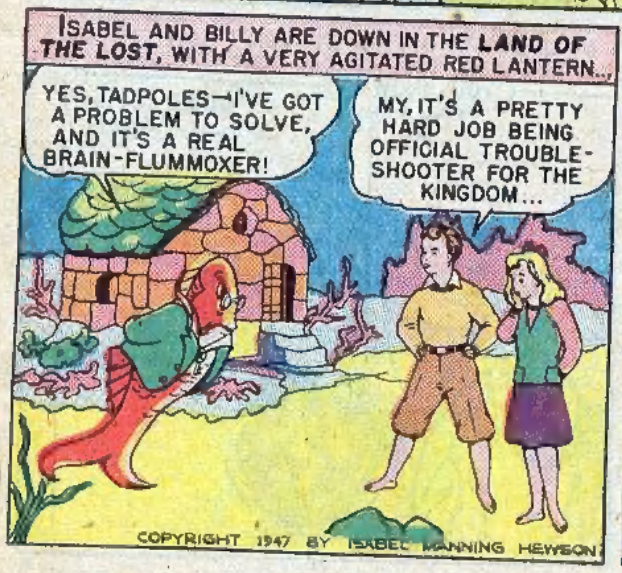
Land of the Lost

THERE'S A TERRIFIC HULLA-BALLOO BEING RAISED DOWN IN THE ***LAND OF THE LOST!*** PROMINENT SEA-TIZENS HAVE RECEIVED INSULTING LETTERS—AND NO ONE KNOWS WHO WROTE THEM!

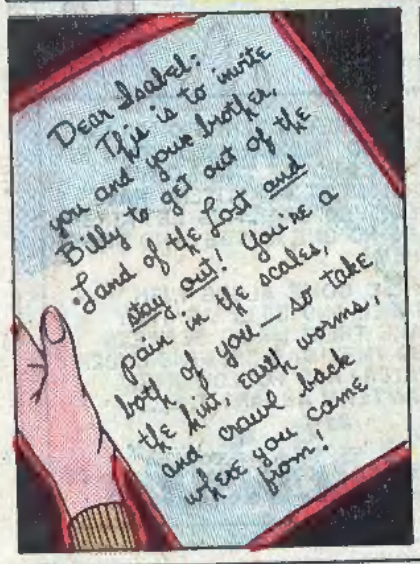
SO COME ALONG WITH ISABEL AND BILLY AS THEY TAKE THEIR MAGIC SEAWEED (SO THEY CAN BREATHE UNDER WATER) AND FOLLOW ***RED LANTERN*** ABOARD THE...

"S. S. PENMANSHIP!"

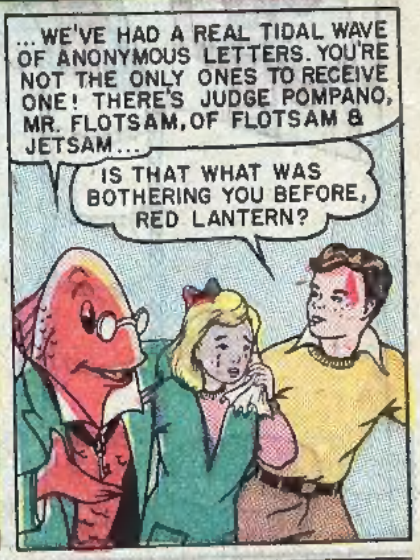


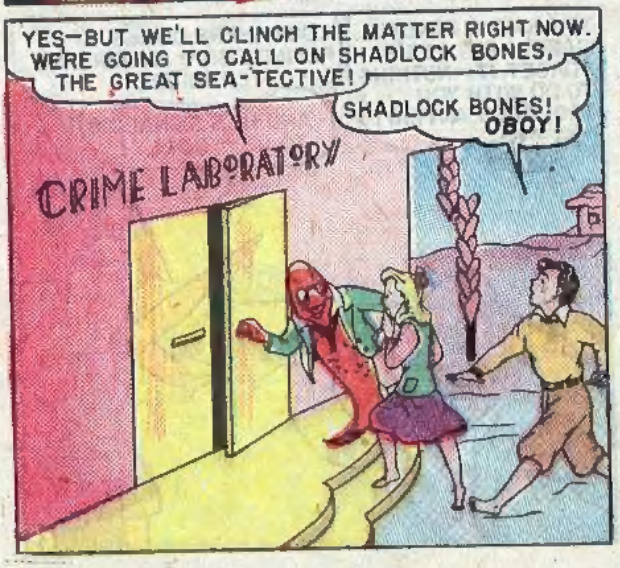
IT'S A LETTER FOR YOU, ISABEL! WILL YOU SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE?
FOR ME ? OH, GOODY! OF COURSE I'LL SIGN...
AIR MAIL

WHO'S IT FROM, ISABEL?
I-I DON'T KNOW. IT ISN'T SIGNED! BUT LOOK WHAT IT SAYS...


Dear Shadred:
This is to invite you and your brother Billy to get out of the land of the lost and stay out! You're a pain in the scales, both of you — so take the kind, earth worms, and crawl back where you came from!

BOO HOO! NOBODY LIKES US DOWN HERE, RED LANTERN.
FINS AND FIDDLE-STICKS! WHY, THE FISH-FOLK LOVE YOU AND BILLY AS IF YOU WERE THEIR OWN POLLI-WOGS! AND WHAT'S MORE...
WHO WROTE THAT? I'LL PUNCH 'IM IN THE NOSE!

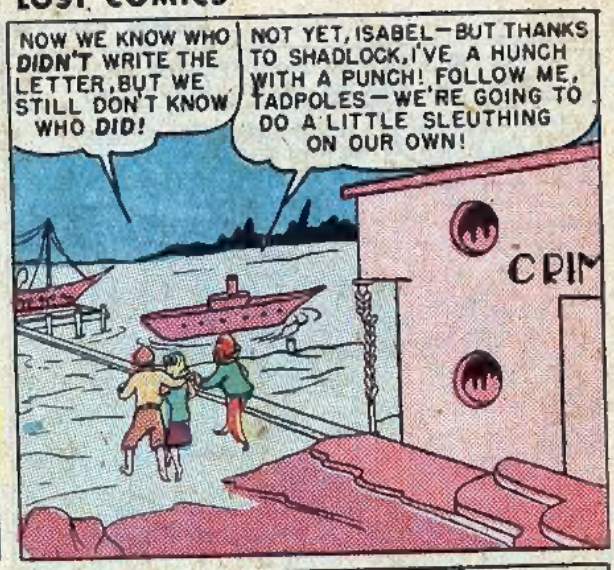

...WE'VE HAD A REAL TIDAL WAVE OF ANONYMOUS LETTERS. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES TO RECEIVE ONE! THERE'S JUDGE POMPANO, MR. FLOTSAM, OF FLOTSAM & JETSAM...
IS THAT WHAT WAS BOTHERING YOU BEFORE, RED LANTERN?

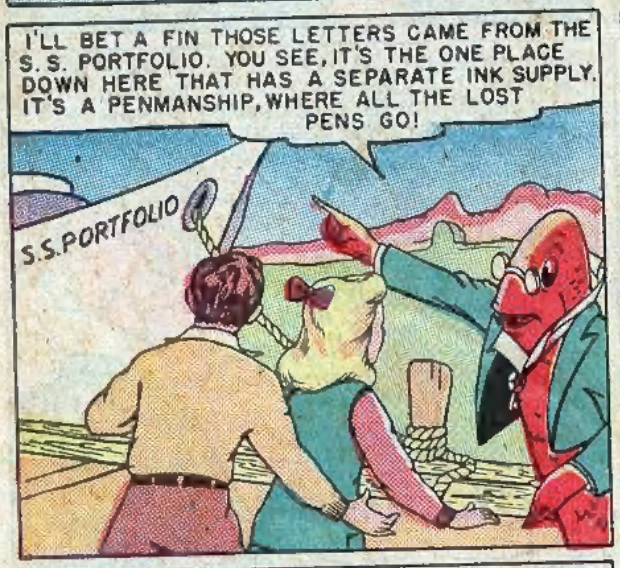

YES—BUT WE'LL CLINCH THE MATTER RIGHT NOW. WE'RE GOING TO CALL ON SHADLOCK BONES, THE GREAT SEA-TECTIVE!
SHADLOCK BONES! OBOY!
CRIME LABORATORY

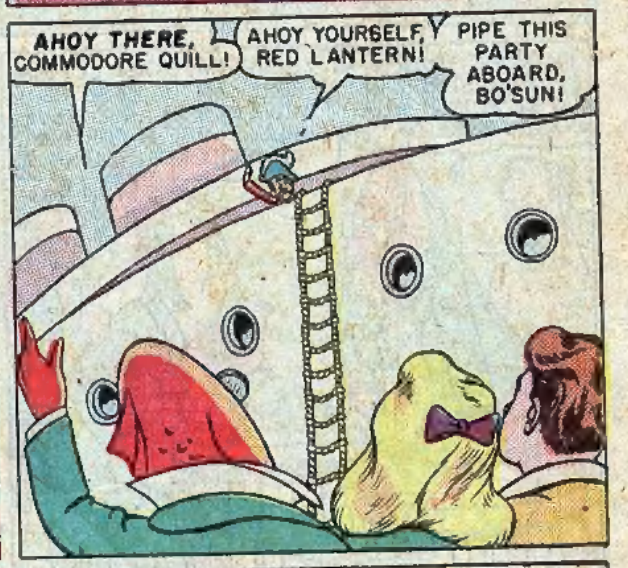
AN UPSTAIRS OFFICE WOULDN'T SUIT SHADLOCK. HE LIKES TO KEEP HIS EAR TO THE GROUND, YOU KNOW...
COME IN!

AS THE TRIO ENTERS THE OFFICE OF SHADLOCK BONES, THE FAMOUS SLEUTH RISES, AND...
GOOD MORNING, SHADLOCK!
GOOD MORNING! HMMM... SO YOU TOO HAVE RECEIVED AN ABUSIVE LETTER, ISABEL! DEAR ME!
WHY— WHY HOW DO YOU KNOW?
SHELL-EMENTARY, MY DEAR ISABEL— SHELL-EMENTARY! THE CRUMPLED ENVELOPE IN YOUR HAND— THE TRACES OF TEARS UPON YOUR CHEEKS— AND THE GLOW OF WRATH EMANATING FROM RED LANTERN...
I'M MORE THAN GLOWING, SHADLOCK— I'M SIZZLING! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
I HAVE THE OTHER LETTERS HERE. AH... PLEASE REMOVE THAT LARGE SIEVE, BILLY. I USE IT FOR SIFTING EVIDENCE, YOU KNOW...
NOW, OBSERVE! THE LETTER "H" IS DROPPED BELOW THE LINE IN ALL THESE NOTES. IT IS OBVIOUS THEY WERE ALL WRITTEN BY THE SAME PERSON. MOREOVER— HE IS NOT A FISH AT ALL!
WHAT?!! HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?
BECAUSE WE UNDERSEA FOLK WRITE IN A FLOWING HAND, WHEREAS THIS IS HEAVY, SCRATCHY— NOT A SWIRLIGUE ANYWHERE! AND HERE'S THE CLINCHER...
...THE KINGDOM'S ENTIRE SUPPLY OF WRITING FLUID COMES FROM THE OLD CUTTLEFISH FIRM, O.U. SQUIRT, INC. HAH! THESE LETTERS WERE WRITTEN IN A DIFFERENT INK!
ANY IDEA WHERE THIS INK CAME FROM, SHADLOCK?
3

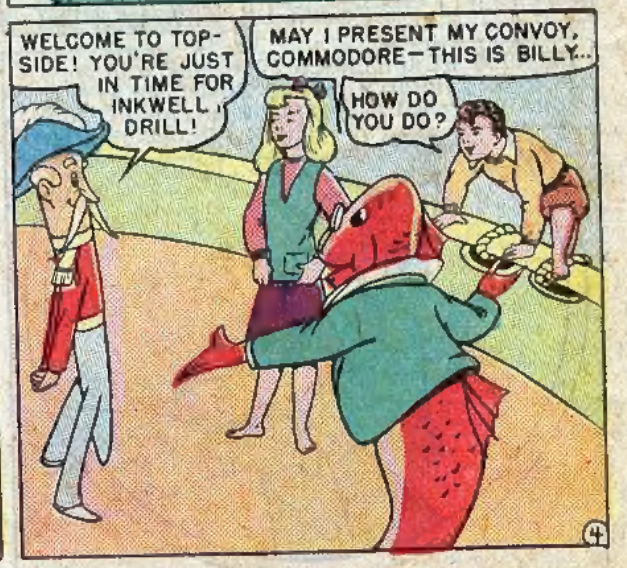
NO! BUT I SHALL ENSNARE THE GUILTY PARTIES, NEVER FEAR! THEY MAY TERRIFY THEIR VICTIMS—BUT THEY CAN'T RATTLE BONES!
OF COURSE! BUT WE'RE—ER—WASTING YOUR TIME. COME ON, POLLIWOGS!

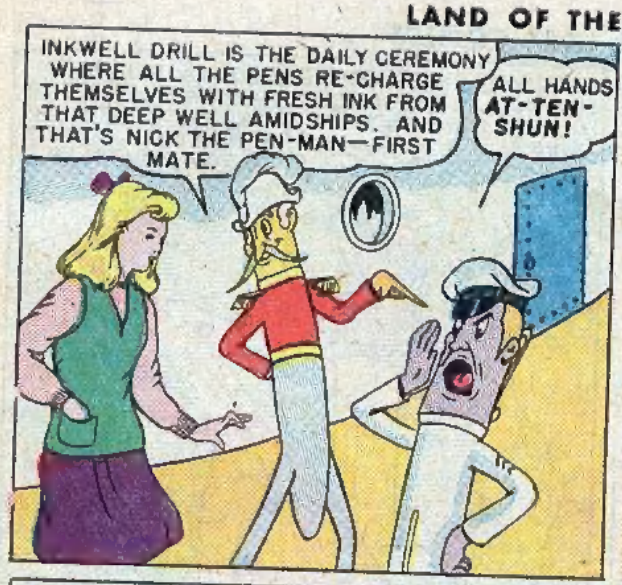

NOW WE KNOW WHO DIDN'T WRITE THE LETTER, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO DID!
NOT YET, ISABEL—BUT THANKS TO SHADLOCK, I'VE A HUNCH WITH A PUNCH! FOLLOW ME, TADPOLES—WE'RE GOING TO DO A LITTLE SLEUTHING ON OUR OWN!
CRIM


I'LL BET A FIN THOSE LETTERS CAME FROM THE S. S. PORTFOLIO. YOU SEE, IT'S THE ONE PLACE DOWN HERE THAT HAS A SEPARATE INK SUPPLY. IT'S A PENMANSHIP, WHERE ALL THE LOST PENS GO!
S.S. PORTFOLIO

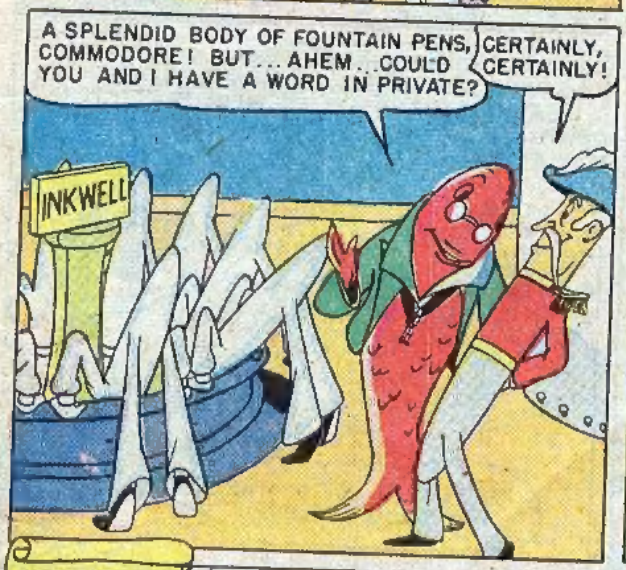

AHOY THERE, COMMODORE QUILL!
AHOY YOURSELF, RED LANTERN!
PIPE THIS PARTY ABOARD, BO'SUN!

COMMODORE QUILL IS THE OFFICER IN COMMAND. APT TO SPUTTER A BIT, BUT ONE OF THE BEST!
OBOY! HURRY UP, ISABEL!

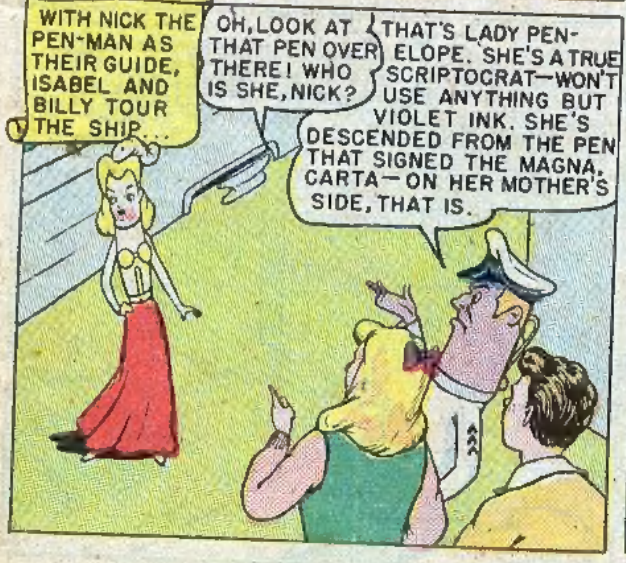

WELCOME TO TOPSIDE! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR INKWELL DRILL!
MAY I PRESENT MY CONVOY, COMMODORE—THIS IS BILLY...
HOW DO YOU DO?


INKWELL DRILL IS THE DAILY CEREMONY WHERE ALL THE PENS RE-CHARGE THEMSELVES WITH FRESH INK FROM THAT DEEP WELL AMIDSHIPS. AND THAT'S NICK THE PEN-MAN—FIRST MATE.
ALL HANDS AT-TEN-SHUN!

FOR-WARD MARCH!
WE TAKE A DAILY DRINK OF SUPER-DUPER INK SO DIP, DIP, DIP AND HIP, HIP, HIP...


A SPLENDID BODY OF FOUNTAIN PENS, COMMODORE! BUT... AHEM... COULD YOU AND I HAVE A WORD IN PRIVATE?
CERTAINLY, CERTAINLY!
INKWELL

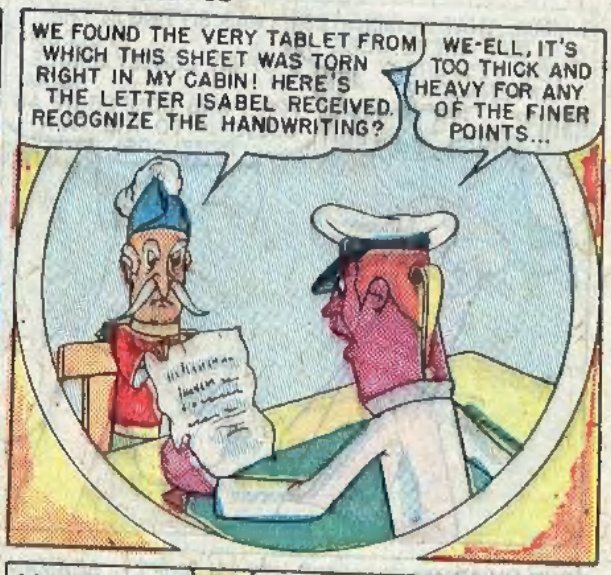
SHOW THIS YOUNG LADY AND GENTLEMAN AROUND THE SHIP WHILE I'M BUSY WITH RED LANTERN, NICK.
VERY GOOD, SIR!


WITH NICK THE PEN-MAN AS THEIR GUIDE, ISABEL AND BILLY TOUR THE SHIP...
OH, LOOK AT THAT PEN OVER THERE! WHO IS SHE, NICK?
THAT'S LADY PENELOPE. SHE'S A TRUE SCRIPTOCRAT—WON'T USE ANYTHING BUT VIOLET INK. SHE'S DESCENDED FROM THE PEN THAT SIGNED THE MAGNA CARTA—ON HER MOTHER'S SIDE, THAT IS.

NOW HER FATHER IS JUST A COMMON STUB! THERE HE IS, SWABBING THE AFTER-DECK!
HE LOOKS LIKE A NICE OLD GUY TO ME!

AH, THERE, PENELOPE! YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY SMOOTH THIS MORNING!
LADY PENELOPE, IF YOU PLEASE!
LISTEN, GOLDINIBS—YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! I'M FIRST MATE ON THIS SHIP!
LOOK, MR. PENMAN—I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, AND I'LL UNDERLINE IT NOW... MY AVERSION TO YOU IS INDELIBLE!
COME ON, NICK. CAN'T YOU SEE LADY PENELOPE DOESN'T WANT YOU AROUND?
'ELLO PENNY! 'AVIN TROUBLE WITH THIS FELLER AGAIN, DAUGHTER?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY LEAVING YOUR WORK, SEAMAN STUB?
'ARF A MO', SIR. I'M PENNY'S FATHER—'ER RIGHTFUL PERTECTER!
PSST, BILLY! NOTICE THE WAY STUBBY TALKS?
GOLLY! HE DROPS HIS "H"!
NICK! COME TO MY QUARTERS AT ONCE!
THAT'S THE COMMODORE CALLING ME. YOU KIDS BETTER COME WITH ME...
THEN, AT THE COMMODORE'S CABIN...
YOU CALLED ME, SIR?
YES, NICK—RED LANTERN'S GOT A MOST UNFORTUNATE PROBLEM FOR US!

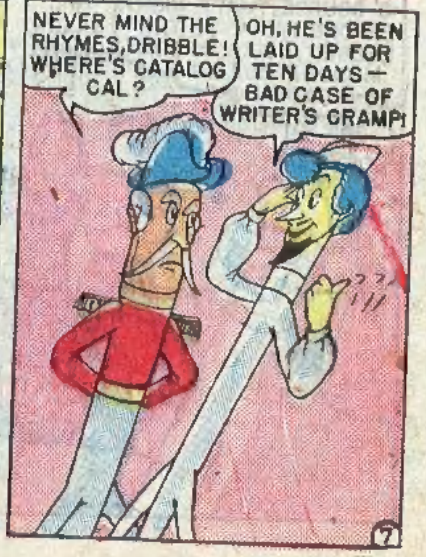
SOMEBODY'S BEEN SENDING ABUSIVE LETTERS TO LOCAL SEA-LEBRITIES...
AND RED LANTERN HAS PROVEN TO ME BEYOND A DOUBT THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN WITH OUR INK AND ON OUR PAPER!
WHAT?


WE FOUND THE VERY TABLET FROM WHICH THIS SHEET WAS TORN RIGHT IN MY CABIN! HERE'S THE LETTER ISABEL RECEIVED. RECOGNIZE THE HANDWRITING?
WE-ELL, IT'S TOO THICK AND HEAVY FOR ANY OF THE FINER POINTS...

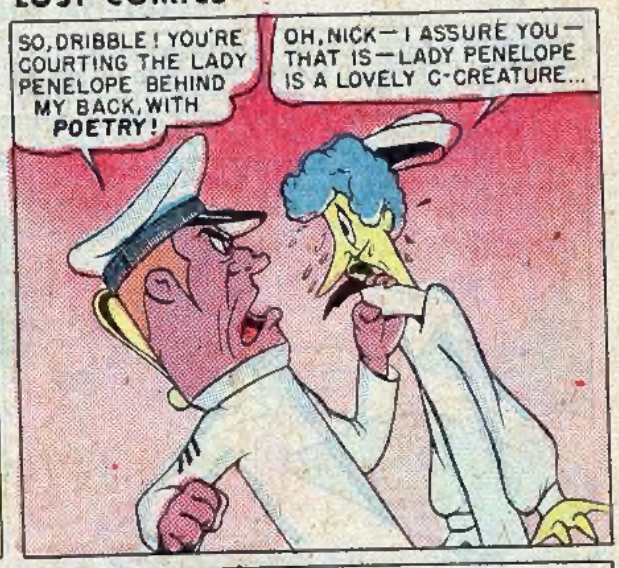
THERE ARE ONLY THREE PENS ABOARD WHO COULD HAVE MADE THOSE STROKES— DRIBBLE THE POET, OLD STUBBY AND CATALOG CAL. SUMMON ALL HANDS ON DECK!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
OH, BILLY—I HOPE IT WASN'T OLD STUBBY!

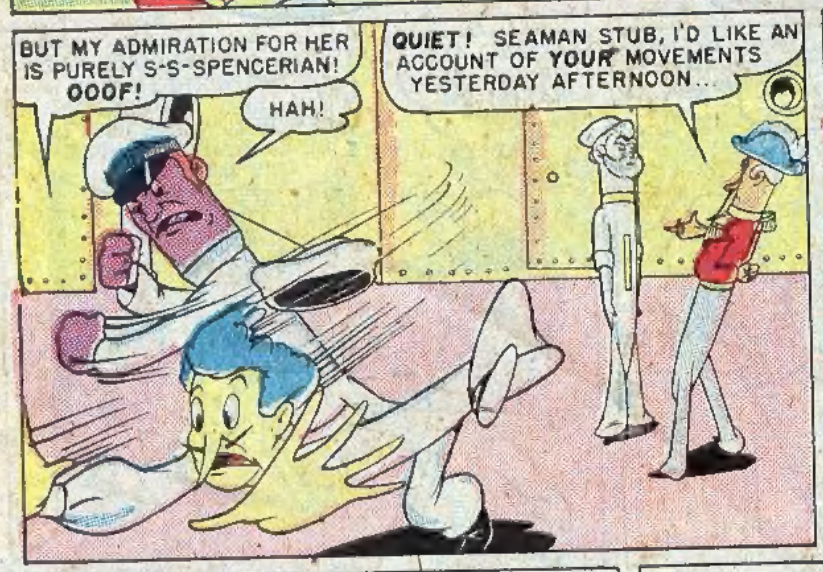
CALLING ALL HANDS! ALL HANDS ON DECK!
IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHICH OF THOSE THREE WAS IN MY CABIN YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, THE REST'LL BE EASY. I'LL HANDLE THIS INK-QUIRY...

WILL CATALOG CAL, DRIBBLE THE POET AND SEAMAN STUB PLEASE STEP FORWARD?
I KNOW NOT WHAT YOU WANT ME FOR, BUT I'M AT YOU'RE SERVICE, COMMODORE!

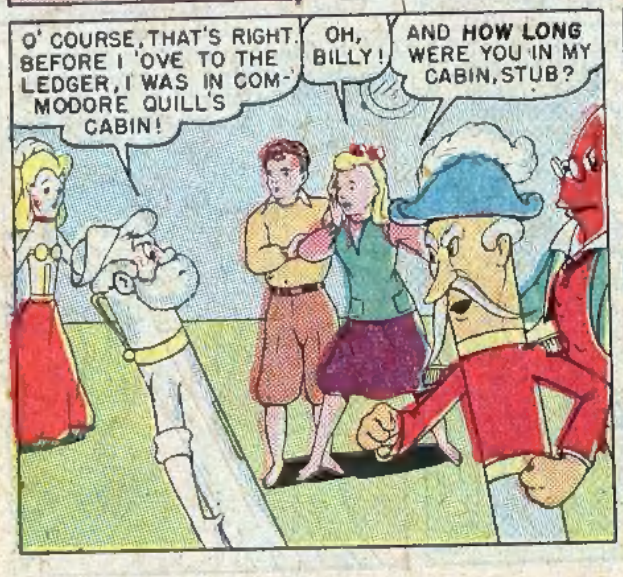

NEVER MIND THE RHYMES, DRIBBLE! WHERE'S CATALOG CAL?
OH, HE'S BEEN LAID UP FOR TEN DAYS— BAD CASE OF WRITER'S CRAMP!

HMMM...THAT ELIMINATES HIM. BUT WHERE WERE YOU YESTERDAY AFTERNOON?
I WAS SITTING IN THE GLOOM OF MY LONELY SINGLE ROOM FOR I WAS COMPOSING AN ODE, SIR—TO THE FAIR PENELOPE!

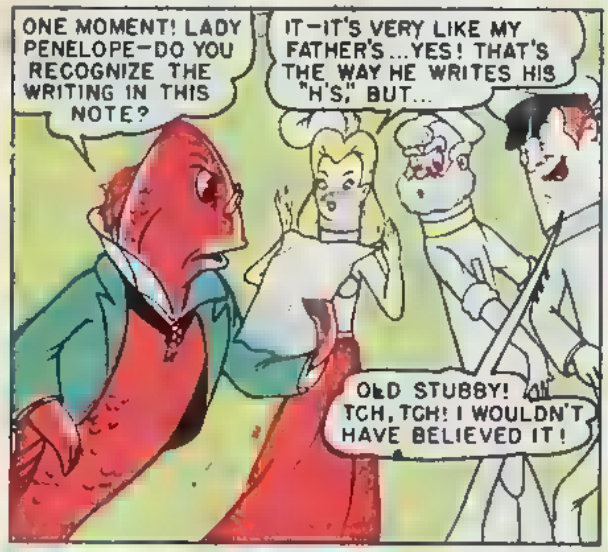

SO, DRIBBLE! YOU'RE COURTING THE LADY PENELOPE BEHIND MY BACK, WITH POETRY!
OH, NICK—I ASSURE YOU—THAT IS—LADY PENELOPE IS A LOVELY C-CREATURE...

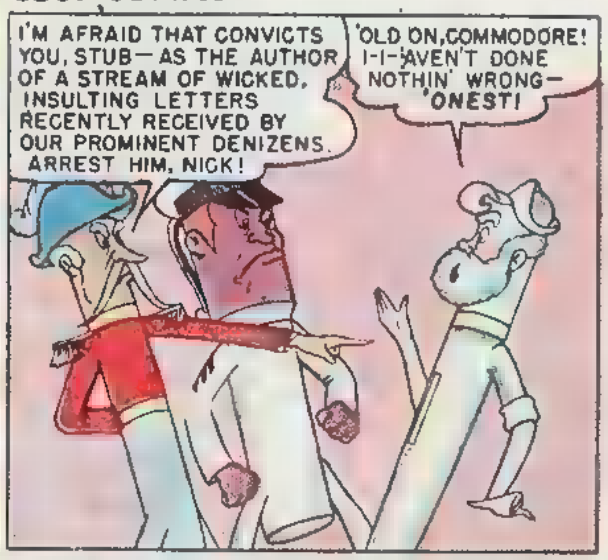

BUT MY ADMIRATION FOR HER IS PURELY S-S-SPENCERIAN! OOOF!
HAH!
QUIET! SEAMAN STUB, I'D LIKE AN ACCOUNT OF YOUR MOVEMENTS YESTERDAY AFTERNOON...

BETWEEN FOUR AND EIGHT BELLS, I WUZ A-SCRAPIN' AWAY ON THE SHIP'S LEDGERS, SIR—UP IN THE FOC-SLE.
WHY, NO, FATHER! YOU SCRUBBED OUT THE COMMODORE'S CABIN! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

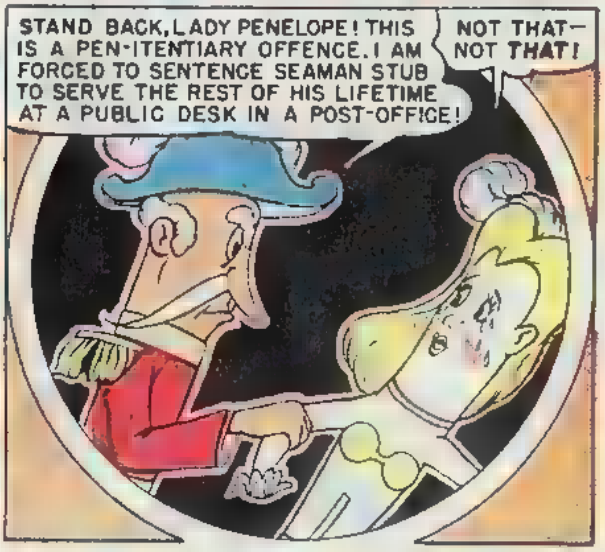

O' COURSE, THAT'S RIGHT. BEFORE I 'OVE TO THE LEDGER, I WAS IN COMMODORE QUILL'S CABIN!
OH, BILLY!
AND HOW LONG WERE YOU IN MY CABIN, STUB?

'OW LONG? OH, FIFTEEN... TWENTY MINUTES, SIR!
THERE'S YOUR GUILTY PEN, RED LANTERN!

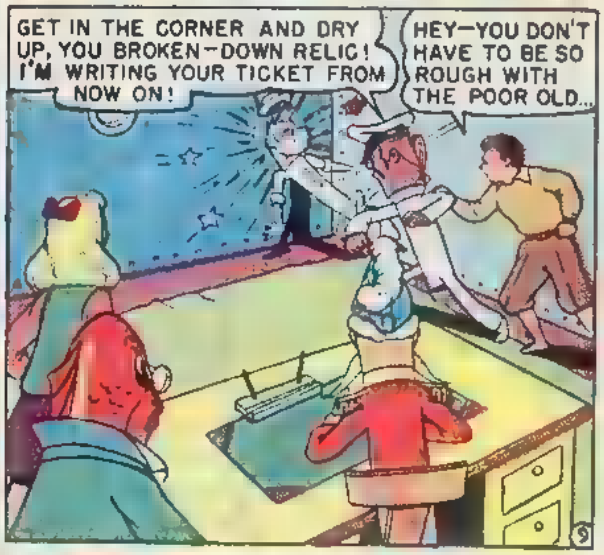

ONE MOMENT! LADY PENELOPE—DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE WRITING IN THIS NOTE?
IT—IT'S VERY LIKE MY FATHER'S...YES! THAT'S THE WAY HE WRITES HIS "H'S," BUT...
OLD STUBBY! TCH, TCH! I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT!

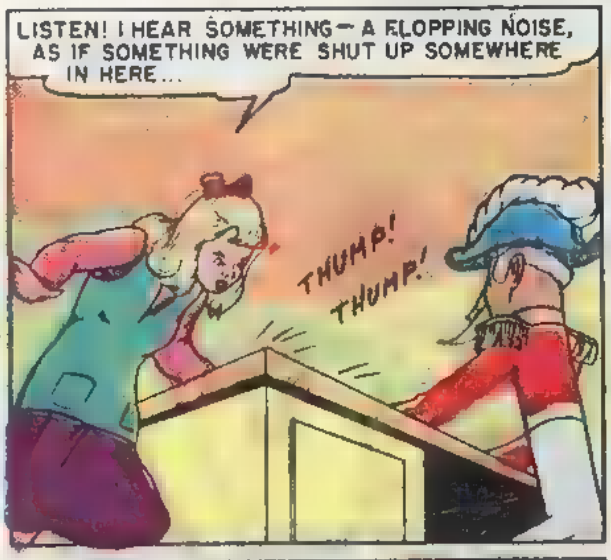

I'M AFRAID THAT CONVICTS YOU, STUB—AS THE AUTHOR OF A STREAM OF WICKED, INSULTING LETTERS RECENTLY RECEIVED BY OUR PROMINENT DENIZENS. ARREST HIM, NICK!
'OLD ON, COMMODORE! I-I-'AVEN'T DONE NOTHIN' WRONG—'ONEST!

BETTER COME QUIETLY, STUB!
LET HIM GO! YOU SHAN'T ARREST MY FATHER!


STAND BACK, LADY PENELOPE! THIS IS A PEN-ITENTIARY OFFENCE. I AM FORCED TO SENTENCE SEAMAN STUB TO SERVE THE REST OF HIS LIFETIME AT A PUBLIC DESK IN A POST-OFFICE!
NOT THAT—NOT THAT!

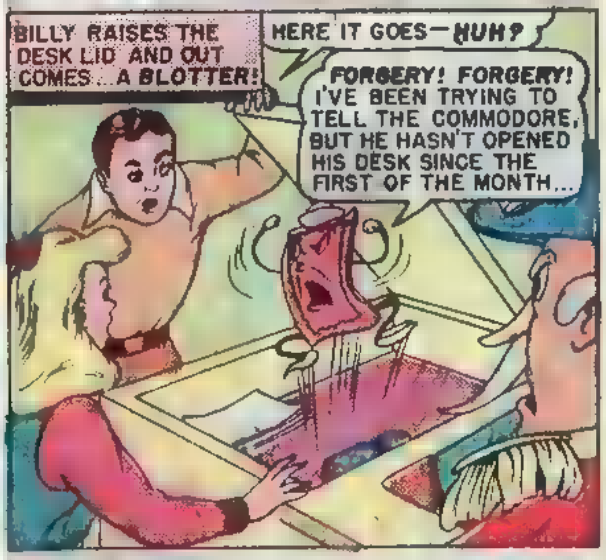
RED LANTERN, I MUST ASK YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO COME TO MY CABIN WITH THE CULPRIT AND WAIT UNTIL THE UNDERSEA POLICE COME. WE'LL NEED YOUR TESTIMONY...
POOR STUBBY! GOSH!

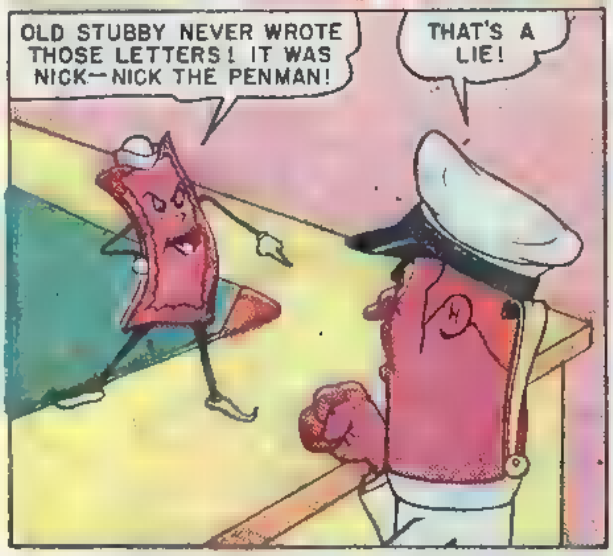

GET IN THE CORNER AND DRY UP, YOU BROKEN-DOWN RELIC! I'M WRITING YOUR TICKET FROM NOW ON!
HEY—YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SO ROUGH WITH THE POOR OLD...

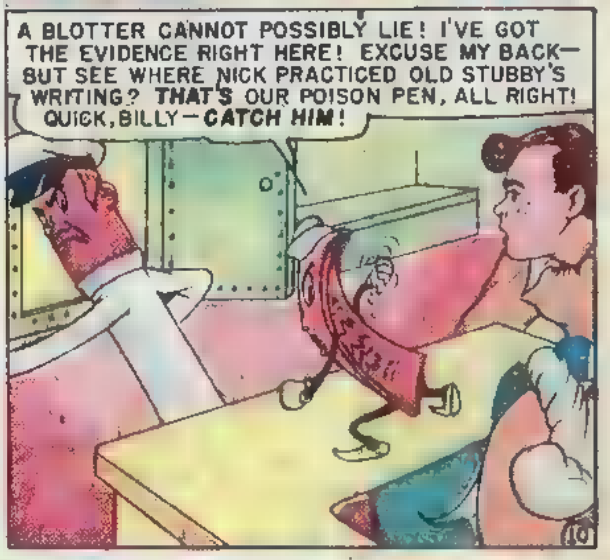

LISTEN! I HEAR SOMETHING—A FLOPPING NOISE, AS IF SOMETHING WERE SHUT UP SOMEWHERE IN HERE...
THUMP! THUMP!

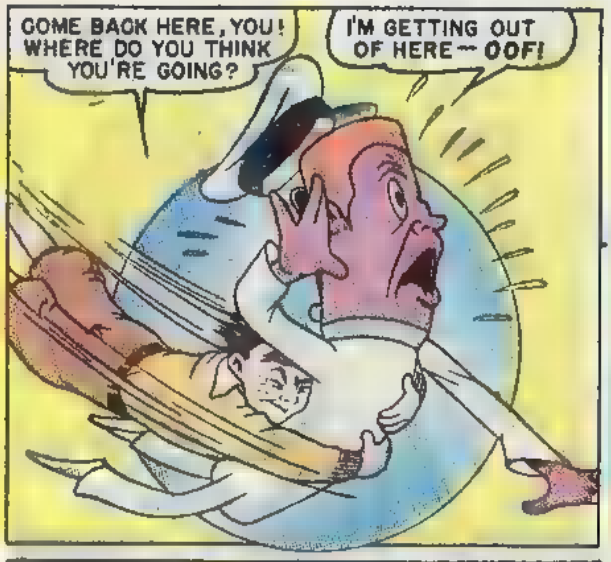
I HEAR IT TOO! IT'S COMING FROM OVER THERE..
HANDS OFF, YOU! THAT'S THE COMMODORE'S DESK!
THUMP!
THUMP!

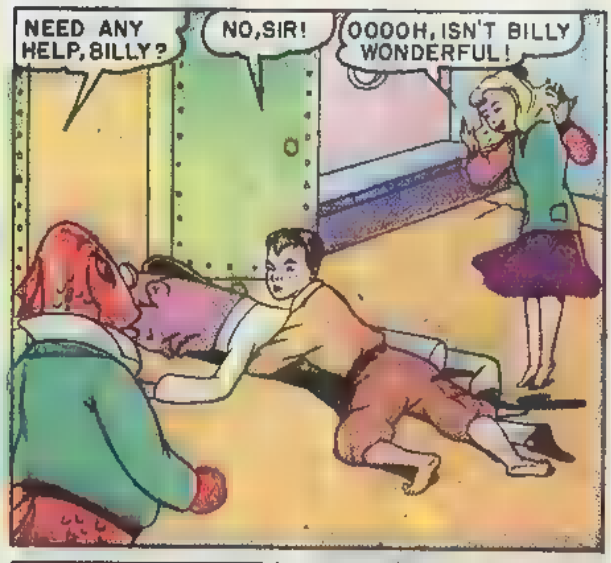
I DON'T CARE WHOSE DESK IT IS—THERE'S SOMETHING ALIVE IN THERE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, ISABEL! LIFT THE LID, BILLY...

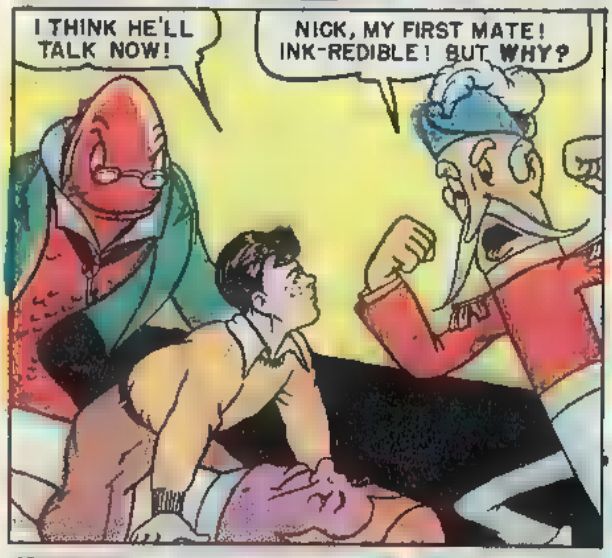

BILLY RAISES THE DESK LID AND OUT COMES... A BLOTTER!
HERE IT GOES—HUH?
FORGERY! FORGERY! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL THE COMMODORE, BUT HE HASN'T OPENED HIS DESK SINCE THE FIRST OF THE MONTH...

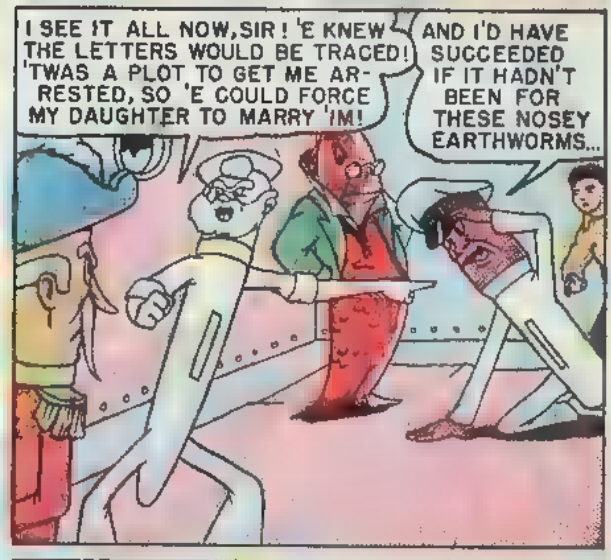

OLD STUBBY NEVER WROTE THOSE LETTERS! IT WAS NICK—NICK THE PENMAN!
THAT'S A LIE!

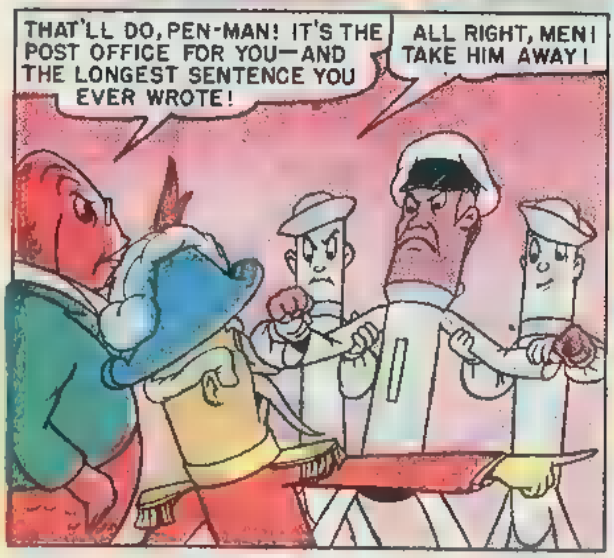

A BLOTTER CANNOT POSSIBLY LIE! I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE RIGHT HERE! EXCUSE MY BACK—BUT SEE WHERE NICK PRACTICED OLD STUBBY'S WRITING? THAT'S OUR POISON PEN, ALL RIGHT! QUICK, BILLY—CATCH HIM!

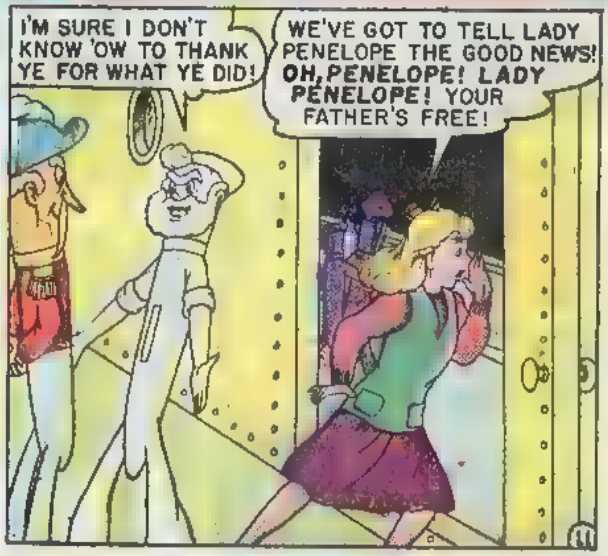

COME BACK HERE, YOU! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE — OOF!


NEED ANY HELP, BILLY?
NO, SIR!
OOOOH, ISN'T BILLY WONDERFUL!


I THINK HE'LL TALK NOW!
NICK, MY FIRST MATE! INK-REDIBLE! BUT WHY?


I SEE IT ALL NOW, SIR! 'E KNEW THE LETTERS WOULD BE TRACED! 'TWAS A PLOT TO GET ME ARRESTED, SO 'E COULD FORCE MY DAUGHTER TO MARRY 'IM!
AND I'D HAVE SUCCEEDED IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THESE NOSEY EARTHWORMS...


THAT'LL DO, PEN-MAN! IT'S THE POST OFFICE FOR YOU—AND THE LONGEST SENTENCE YOU EVER WROTE!
ALL RIGHT, MEN! TAKE HIM AWAY!


I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW 'OW TO THANK YE FOR WHAT YE DID!
WE'VE GOT TO TELL LADY PENELOPE THE GOOD NEWS! OH, PENELOPE! LADY PENELOPE! YOUR FATHER'S FREE!

OH FATHER, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHY, OF COURSE I AM, DAUGHTER! OLD STUBBY WILL BE UP TO SCRATCH FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!
SMILE, COMRADES, SMILE... 'TWAS 'OPELESS FOR A WHILE, BUT ALL'S WELL WITH ME AND MY DOTTER...
LET THIS BE OUR SONG... A PEN MAY WRITE A WRONG BUT REMEMBER, YOU CAN'T FOOL A BLOTTER!
WELL, TADPOLES, WE SOLVED THE CASE AFTER ALL!
AND WITHOUT THE HELP OF SHADLOCK BONES TOO!
HMMM... I WONDER WHAT SHADLOCK'S DOING?
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE GREAT SEA-TECTIVE, SHADLOCK BONES?
LET'S PEEK INTO HIS LABORATORY AND SEE..
HMMM... MY DEDUCTIONS ARE A LITTLE CONFUSED. BUT I SHALL ENSNARE THE GUILTY PARTIES, NEVER FEAR! THEY MAY TERRIFY THEIR VICTIMS— BUT THEY CAN'T RATTLE BONES!
12

Land of the Lost

THERE'S A WEALTH OF MEDICINES ■ DR. TERRAPINCUS' SHOP — A REMEDY FOR EVERYTHING THE FISHFOLK IN THE *LAND* OF THE *LOST* NEED. THE ABSENT-MINDED OLD TURTLE HAS A CURE FOR EVERYTHING FROM TARNISHED GOLDFISH SCALES TO FALLING FINS. BUT ■ THERE A CURE FOR MISS SPOTTY, WHO LIES DELIRIOUS AT DEATH'S DOOR? THAT'S THE VITAL QUESTION THAT CONCERNS ISABEL AND BILLY AS THEY SET OUT IN SEARCH OF....

The Apothecary Shop

ISABEL AND BILLY HAVE JUST MET RED LANTERN.

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME IF I DON'T SEEM QUITE MYSELF, TADPOLES. YOU SEE, MISS SPOTTY, KING FIND-ALL'S FINOGRAPHER, HAS BEEN ILL — AND I'VE BEEN DOING HER WORK *AND* MY OWN ALL WEEK!

THAT'S KING FIND-ALL NOW!

CALLING RED LANTERN! REPORT TO THE PALACE IMMEDIATELY! MISS SPOTTY HAS TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE!

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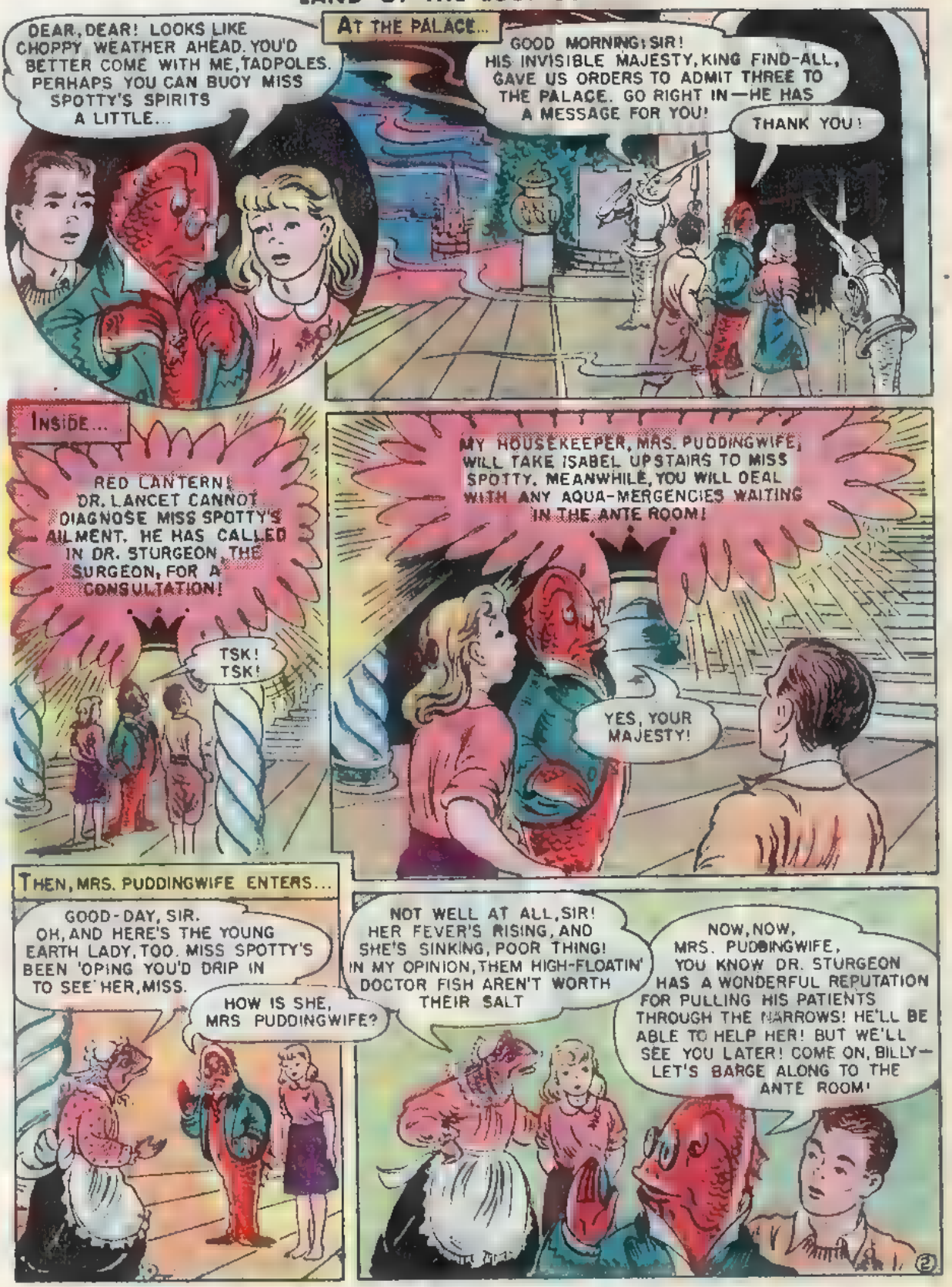
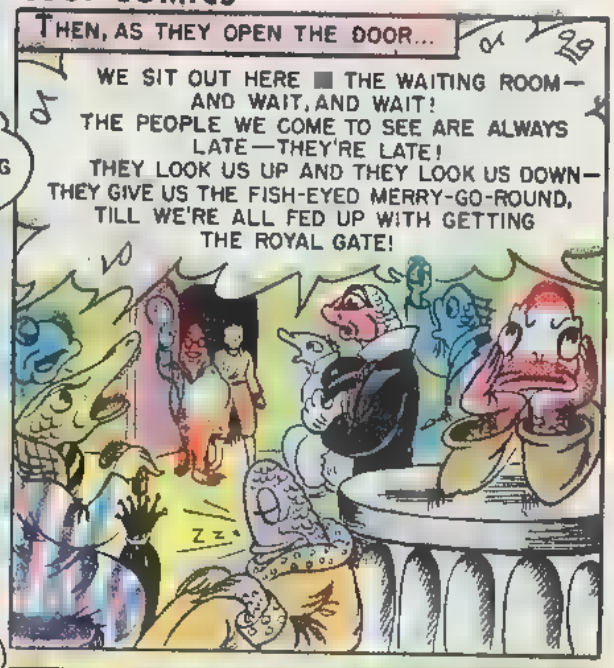
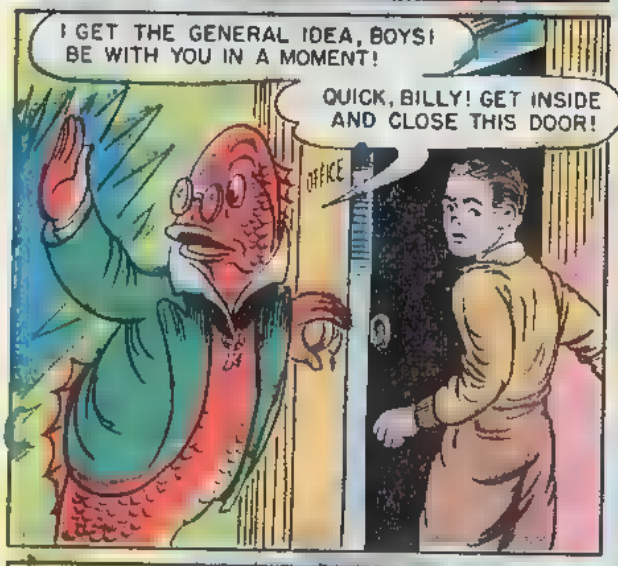
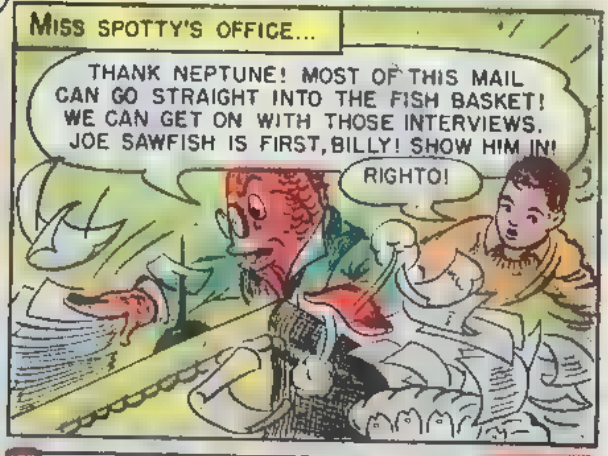
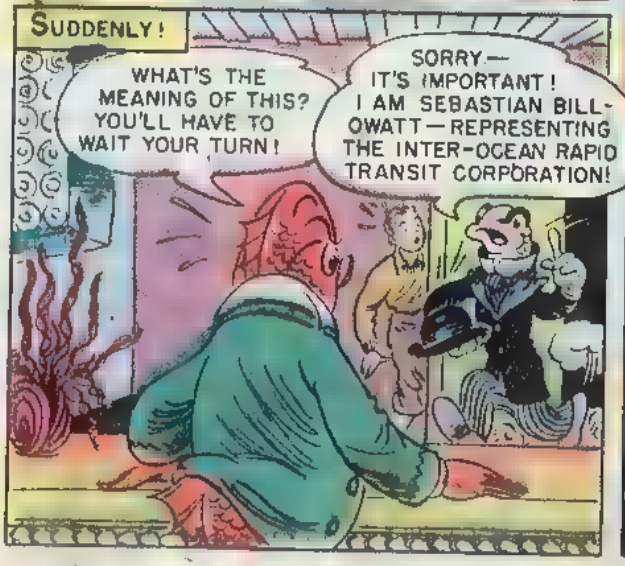

DEAR, DEAR! LOOKS LIKE CHOPPY WEATHER AHEAD. YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME, TADPOLES. PERHAPS YOU CAN BUOY MISS SPOTTY'S SPIRITS A LITTLE...
AT THE PALACE...
GOOD MORNING, SIR! HIS INVISIBLE MAJESTY, KING FIND-ALL, GAVE US ORDERS TO ADMIT THREE TO THE PALACE. GO RIGHT IN—HE HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU!
THANK YOU!
INSIDE...
RED LANTERN! DR. LANCET CANNOT DIAGNOSE MISS SPOTTY'S AILMENT. HE HAS CALLED IN DR. STURGEON, THE SURGEON, FOR A CONSULTATION!
TSK! TSK!
MY HOUSEKEEPER, MRS. PUDDINGWIFE, WILL TAKE ISABEL UPSTAIRS TO MISS SPOTTY. MEANWHILE, YOU WILL DEAL WITH ANY AQUA-MERGENCIES WAITING IN THE ANTE ROOM!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
THEN, MRS. PUDDINGWIFE ENTERS...
GOOD-DAY, SIR. OH, AND HERE'S THE YOUNG EARTH LADY, TOO. MISS SPOTTY'S BEEN 'OPING YOU'D DRIP IN TO SEE HER, MISS.
HOW IS SHE, MRS PUDDINGWIFE?
NOT WELL AT ALL, SIR! HER FEVER'S RISING, AND SHE'S SINKING, POOR THING! IN MY OPINION, THEM HIGH-FLOATIN' DOCTOR FISH AREN'T WORTH THEIR SALT
NOW, NOW, MRS. PUDDINGWIFE, YOU KNOW DR. STURGEON HAS A WONDERFUL REPUTATION FOR PULLING HIS PATIENTS THROUGH THE NARROWS! HE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP HER! BUT WE'LL SEE YOU LATER! COME ON, BILLY—LET'S BARGE ALONG TO THE ANTE ROOM!
2

BZZZ-BZZZ!
BZZZZ!
ANTE ROOM
GOLLY! SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF FISH-FOLK WAITING IN THERE.
'FRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, BILLY. MISS SPOTTY USUALLY TAKES CARE OF THESE INTERVIEWS DURING THE WEEK. NOW I'LL HAVE TO SEE THEM ALL TODAY!

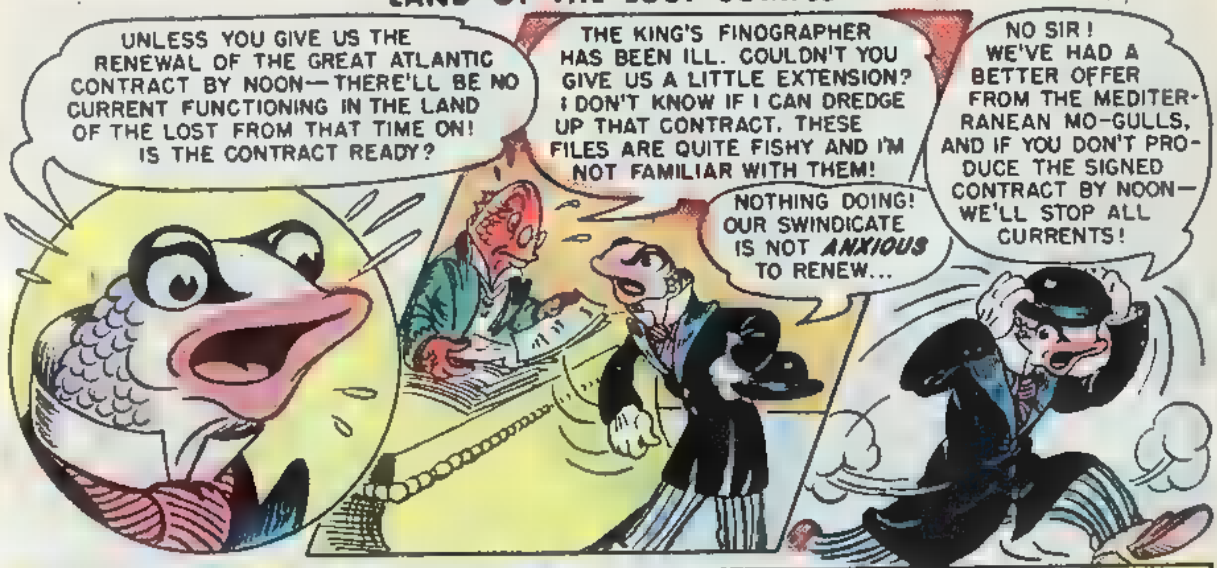

THEN, AS THEY OPEN THE DOOR...
WE SIT OUT HERE IN THE WAITING ROOM— AND WAIT, AND WAIT! THE PEOPLE WE COME TO SEE ARE ALWAYS LATE—THEY'RE LATE! THEY LOOK US UP AND THEY LOOK US DOWN— THEY GIVE US THE FISH-EYED MERRY-GO-ROUND, TILL WE'RE ALL FED UP WITH GETTING THE ROYAL GATE!
ZZZ

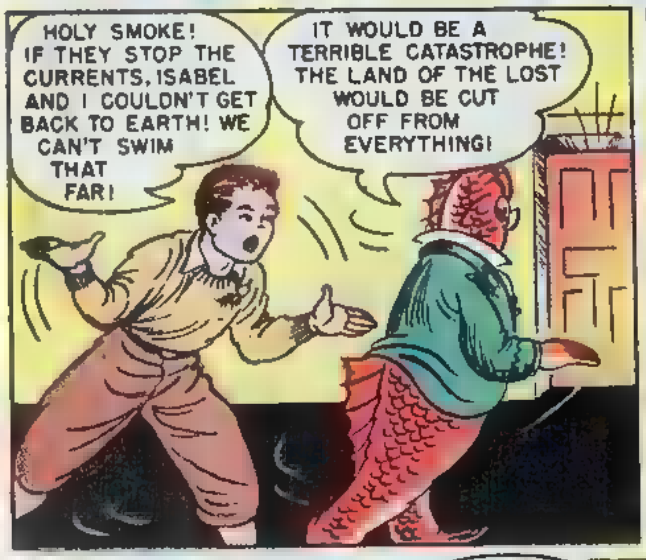

I GET THE GENERAL IDEA, BOYS! BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!
QUICK, BILLY! GET INSIDE AND CLOSE THIS DOOR!
OFFICE

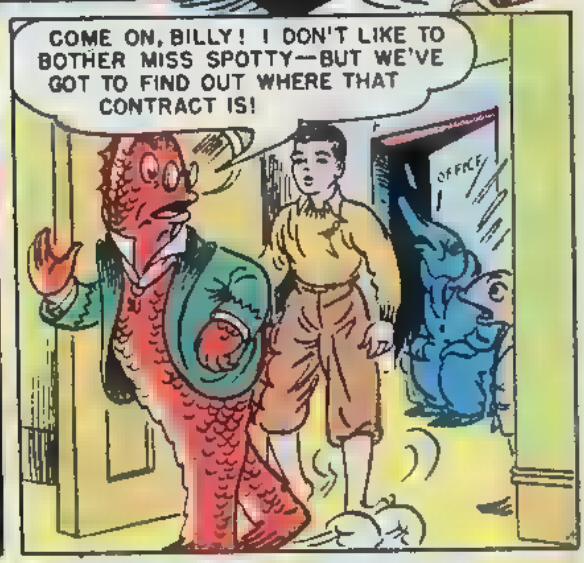

MISS SPOTTY'S OFFICE...
THANK NEPTUNE! MOST OF THIS MAIL CAN GO STRAIGHT INTO THE FISH BASKET! WE CAN GET ON WITH THOSE INTERVIEWS. JOE SAWFISH IS FIRST, BILLY! SHOW HIM IN!
RIGHTO!

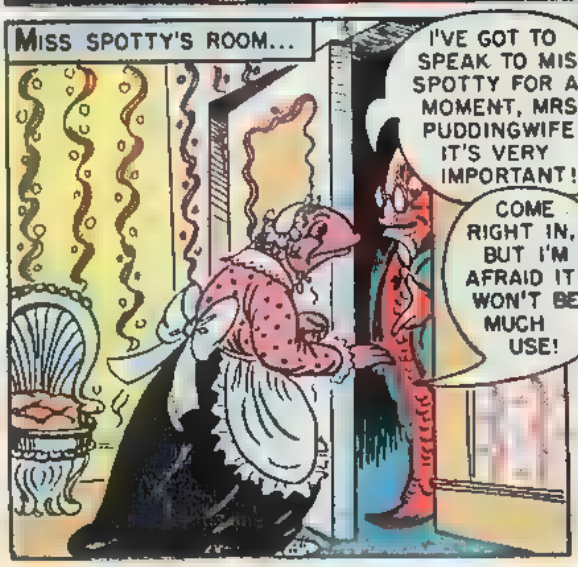

SUDDENLY!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN!
SORRY— IT'S IMPORTANT! I AM SEBASTIAN BILLOWATT—REPRESENTING THE INTER-OCEAN RAPID TRANSIT CORPORATION!

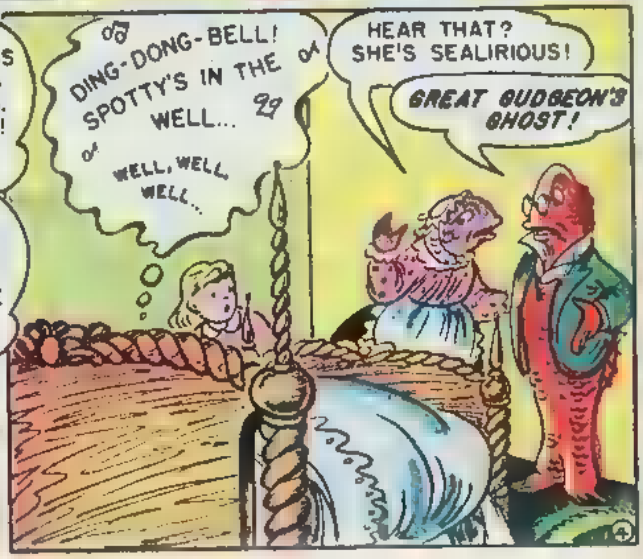
OH YES—THE BIG SWINDICATE THAT OPERATES THE SEA-CURRENTS!
YES— AND I THINK YOU LAND OF THE LOST PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT OUR CONTRACT WITH YOU RUNS DRY AT NOON TODAY!

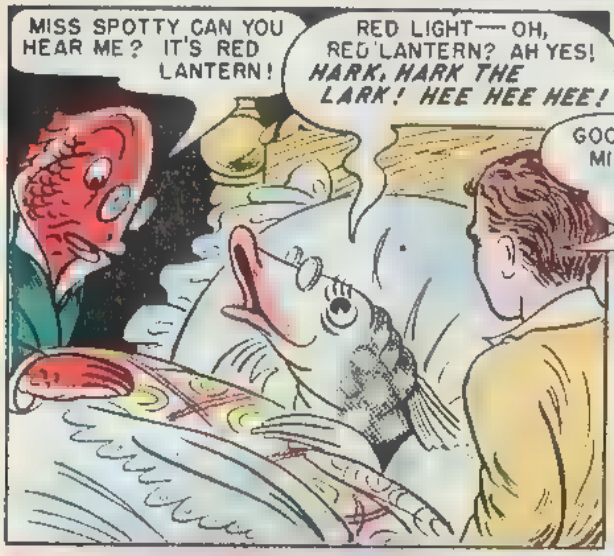

UNLESS YOU GIVE US THE RENEWAL OF THE GREAT ATLANTIC CONTRACT BY NOON—THERE'LL BE NO CURRENT FUNCTIONING IN THE LAND OF THE LOST FROM THAT TIME ON! IS THE CONTRACT READY?
THE KING'S FINOGRAPHER HAS BEEN ILL. COULDN'T YOU GIVE US A LITTLE EXTENSION? I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DREDGE UP THAT CONTRACT. THESE FILES ARE QUITE FISHY AND I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THEM!
NOTHING DOING! OUR SWINDICATE IS NOT ANXIOUS TO RENEW...
NO SIR! WE'VE HAD A BETTER OFFER FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN MO-GULLS, AND IF YOU DON'T PRODUCE THE SIGNED CONTRACT BY NOON—WE'LL STOP ALL CURRENTS!

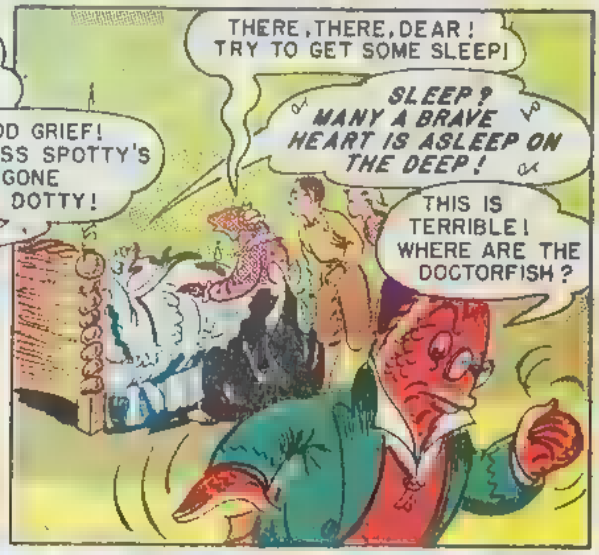

HOLY SMOKE! IF THEY STOP THE CURRENTS, ISABEL AND I COULDN'T GET BACK TO EARTH! WE CAN'T SWIM THAT FAR!
IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE! THE LAND OF THE LOST WOULD BE CUT OFF FROM EVERYTHING!

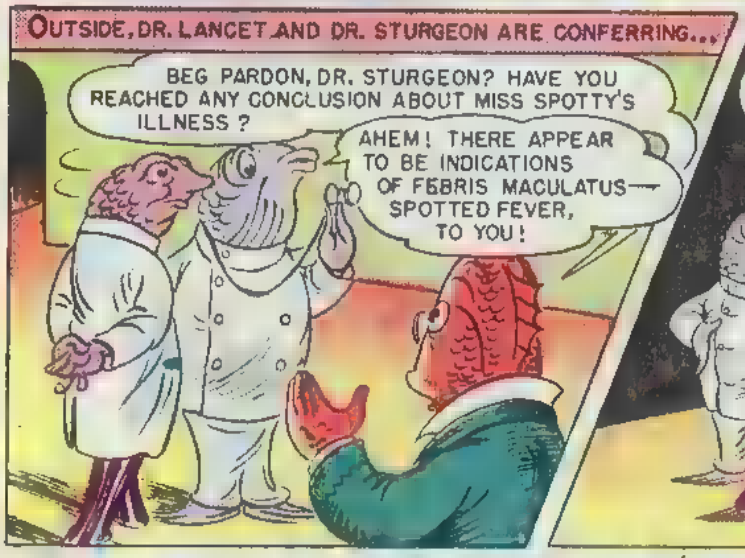

COME ON, BILLY! I DON'T LIKE TO BOTHER MISS SPOTTY—BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT CONTRACT IS!
OFFICE

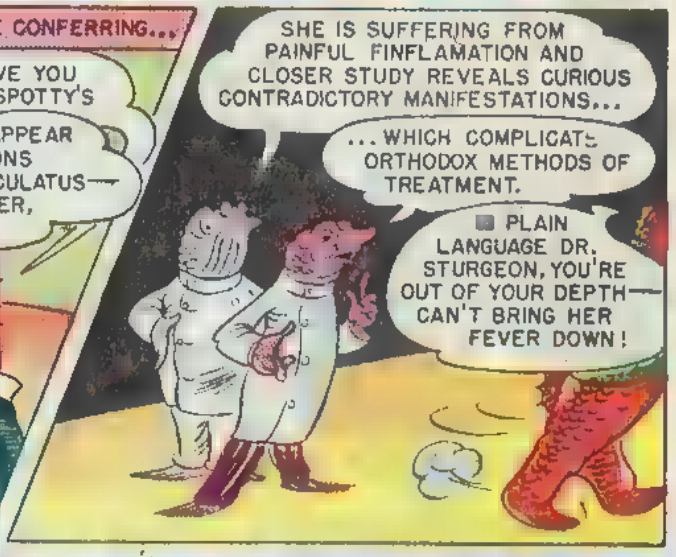

MISS SPOTTY'S ROOM...
I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO MISS SPOTTY FOR A MOMENT, MRS. PUDDINGWIFE! IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!
COME RIGHT IN, BUT I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE MUCH USE!


DING-DONG-BELL! SPOTTY'S IN THE WELL...
WELL, WELL, WELL...
HEAR THAT? SHE'S SEALIRIOUS!
GREAT GUDGEON'S GHOST!

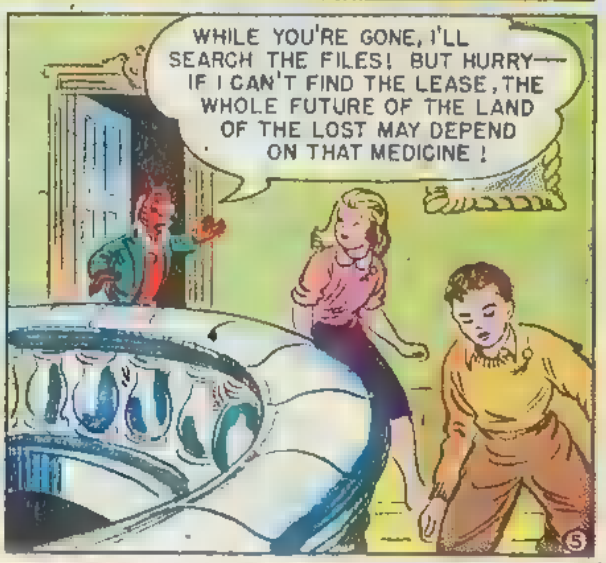

MISS SPOTTY CAN YOU HEAR ME? IT'S RED LANTERN!
RED LIGHT— OH, RED LANTERN? AH YES! HARK, HARK THE LARK! HEE HEE HEE!
GOOD GRIEF! MISS SPOTTY'S GONE DOTTY!


THERE, THERE, DEAR! TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP!
SLEEP? MANY A BRAVE HEART IS ASLEEP ON THE DEEP!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHERE ARE THE DOCTORFISH?


OUTSIDE, DR. LANCET AND DR. STURGEON ARE CONFERRING...
BEG PARDON, DR. STURGEON? HAVE YOU REACHED ANY CONCLUSION ABOUT MISS SPOTTY'S ILLNESS?
AHEM! THERE APPEAR TO BE INDICATIONS OF FEBRIS MACULATUS— SPOTTED FEVER, TO YOU!

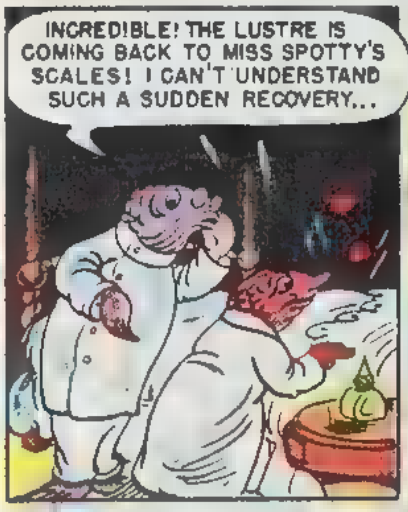

SHE IS SUFFERING FROM PAINFUL FINFLAMATION AND CLOSER STUDY REVEALS CURIOUS CONTRADICTORY MANIFESTATIONS...
...WHICH COMPLICATE ORTHODOX METHODS OF TREATMENT.
PLAIN LANGUAGE DR. STURGEON, YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR DEPTH— CAN'T BRING HER FEVER DOWN!

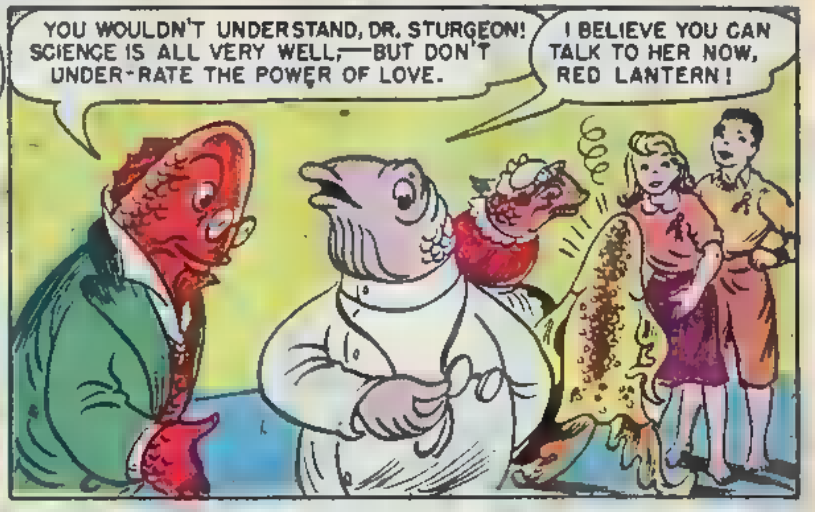
THEY'VE BEEN GOING ON THAT WAY ALL DAY, RED LANTERN! IF THEY'D ONLY LET ME GET HER THAT PRESCRIPTION FROM OLD DR. TERRAPINGUS, SHE'D BE ON THE MEND!
TERRAPINGUS, THE APOTHECARY? WE'LL GO GET THE MEDICINE!

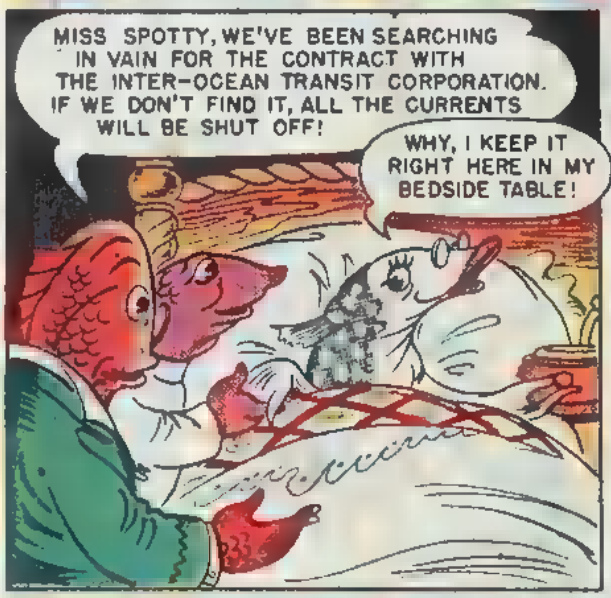

WHILE YOU'RE GONE, I'LL SEARCH THE FILES! BUT HURRY— IF I CAN'T FIND THE LEASE, THE WHOLE FUTURE OF THE LAND OF THE LOST MAY DEPEND ON THAT MEDICINE!

BILLY AND ISABEL HURRY OFF, AND SOON...
THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT! LOOK AT THOSE BUNCHES OF OLD GRASS AND STUFF HANGING IN THE WINDOW!
Titus Terripincus
Herbs & Simples
I GUESS THOSE ARE THE HERBS AND SIMPLES— BUT HURRY, BILLY.
LOOK! IT'S KID SQUID'S GIRL FRIEND, JENNY JELLYFISH!
IS IT READY, MR. TERRAPINCUS?
YES! DON'T KNOW WHAT A PRETTY YOUNG THING LIKE YOU WANTS WITH A LOVE POTION, THOUGH.
I'LL TELL YOU WHY!
OH MY HEART! SEE IT PALPITATE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT— FOR I HAVE A DATE— WITH A SQUID THAT I ADORE!
OH! ARE YOU SURE IT'LL MAKE KID SQUID PROPOSE?
IF NOT—YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY BACK! BUT WHERE IS IT? LET'S SEE—YOU ORDERED IT ON TUESDAY, THAT IS BLUESDAY-- HERE IT IS!
DR. TERRAPINCUS, RED LANTERN SENT US OVER TO PICK UP A PRESCRIPTION FOR MISS SPOTTY.
SPOTTY—SPOTTY? AH YES! HER MEDICINE WAS ORDERED ON BLUESDAY TOO! IT'S RIGHT HERE, TOO—
NOW DON'T BE ALARMED IF THE PATIENT TURNS YELLOW SHORTLY AFTER THE FIRST DOSE! IT'S NOT DANGEROUS AT ALL, AND WILL PASS OFF AS THE FEVER GOES DOWN!
THANK YOU, MR. TERRAPINCUS.

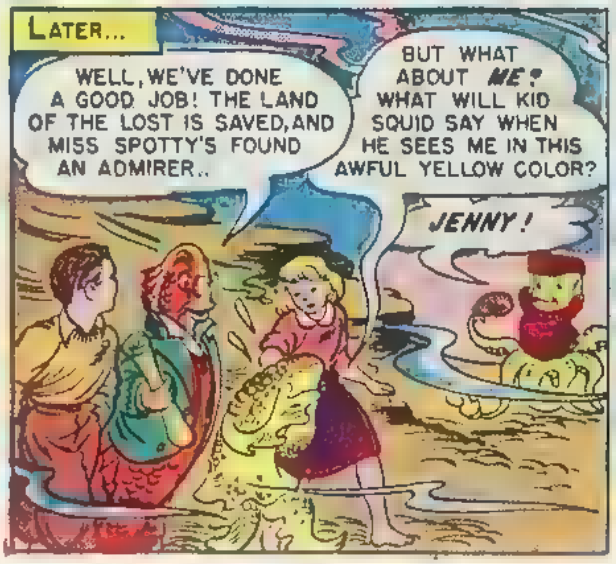
OH BOY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THOSE DOCTORFISH WHEN MISS SPOTTY BEGINS TO TURN YELLOW...
ISABEL AND BILLY HURRY TO THE PALACE WHERE MRS. PUDDINGWIFE HASTILY GIVES MISS SPOTTY THE NEW MEDICINE...
...THEN FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
NO CHANGE AT ALL! SHE ISN'T EVEN CONSCIOUS! I REPEAT, TERRAPINCUS IS NOTHING BUT AN OLD FAKE!
WE MUST BE PATIENT, DR. STURGEON! SOMETHING'S BOUND TO HAPPEN!
WEEPING WALRUSES! IT HAD BETTER HAPPEN SOON! SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN TELL US WHERE THAT CONTRACT IS!
SHHH! SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE LOOKS! SO GRACEFUL, SO DELICATE, SO OBLIVIOUS!
AND I HAVE TO STAND BY HELPLESSLY, AND WATCH HER SLIP AWAY! MISS SPOTTY! ELVIRA! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? (SOB!)
WHAT'S COME OVER DR. LANCET? BRACE UP FELLER!
MAYBE HE'S NOT AS COLD-BLOODED A FISH AS HE LOOKS!
KNOCK
KNOCK
I'LL SEE WHO IT IS... WHY, IT'S JENNY JELLYFISH! BUT GRACIOUS! WHAT'S 'APPENED TO YOU?
ARE THOSE EARTH PEOPLE IN THERE — THE ONES WHO GOT THAT PRESCRIPTION?
WHERE IS MY LOVE POTION? MR. TERRAPINCUS GOT THE MEDICINES MIXED — AND LOOK AT ME!
GRACIOUS! YOU DRANK MISS SPOTTY'S MEDICINE---AND WE GAVE HER YOUR WHOLE BOTTLE OF LOVE POTION!
AND DR. LANCET'S GETTING A CRUSH ON HER — LOOK!
MY DARLING! MY EXQUISITE DOOMED CREATURE! ELVIRA!
WHY — WHY DR. LANCET — WERE YOU... SPEAKING... TO ME?
7


INCREDIBLE! THE LUSTRE IS COMING BACK TO MISS SPOTTY'S SCALES! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND SUCH A SUDDEN RECOVERY...


YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, DR. STURGEON! SCIENCE IS ALL VERY WELL,—BUT DON'T UNDER-RATE THE POWER OF LOVE.
I BELIEVE YOU CAN TALK TO HER NOW, RED LANTERN!


MISS SPOTTY, WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING IN VAIN FOR THE CONTRACT WITH THE INTER-OCEAN TRANSIT CORPORATION. IF WE DON'T FIND IT, ALL THE CURRENTS WILL BE SHUT OFF!
WHY, I KEEP IT RIGHT HERE IN MY BEDSIDE TABLE!

JUST HAND THIS TO A FISH NAMED BILLOWATT--AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!
BLESS YOUR POLKA DOTS, SPOTTY, MY GIRL! YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY!


LATER...
WELL, WE'VE DONE A GOOD JOB! THE LAND OF THE LOST IS SAVED, AND MISS SPOTTY'S FOUND AN ADMIRER..
BUT WHAT ABOUT *ME*? WHAT WILL KID SQUID SAY WHEN HE SEES ME IN THIS AWFUL YELLOW COLOR?
JENNY!

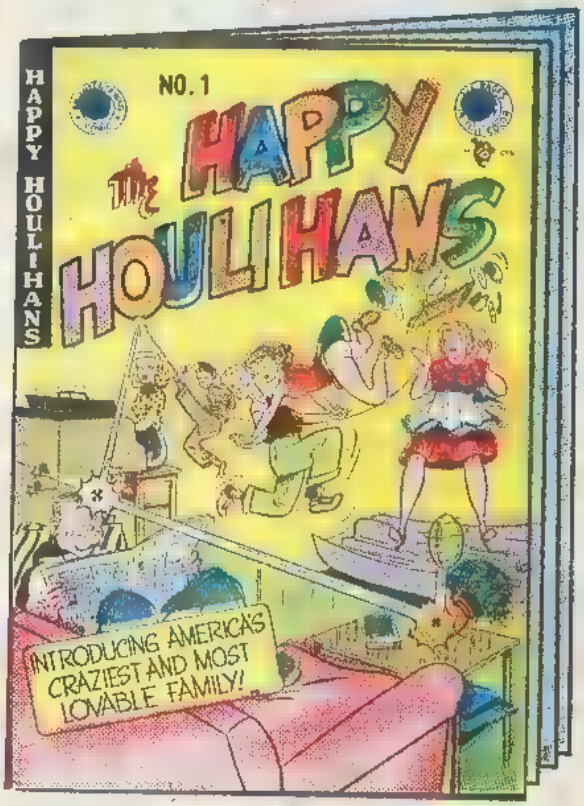
WHY JENNY, I NEVER SAW YOU LOOKING SO PRETTY! WHATCHA DONE TO YOURSELF? I WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP MY EYES OFF YOU FROM NOW ON! YELLOW ALWAYS WAS MY FAVORITE COLOR.
DR. TERRAPINCUS CERTAINLY *DIDN'T* MAKE A MISTAKE!
OH, KID...

2 NEW MAGAZINES YOU'RE SURE TO FIND DIFFERENT and EXCITING!

FOR A THRILL-A-MINUTE FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF

BLACKSTONE...

THE MAGICIAN DETECTIVE ...IN HIS ACTION-PACKED *FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!*



FOR THE LAUGH SENSATION OF THIS (OR *ANY*) YEAR! LOOK FOR AMERICA'S CRAZIEST AND MOST LOVABLE FAMILY.

THE HAPPY HOULIHANS!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

THE STRANGE STUART CASE!

"I'M NOT ASKING you for your opinion of Mary Stuart!" roared the thin-faced editor of the Central City Gazette. "All I want you to do is go out and interview her . . . if it doesn't interfere with any previous plans you might have made!"

Pete cocked his ear at the sarcastic note. "Strange . . . " he murmured, a grin twisting his mouth, "that's just about what I thought you said. I'll get you the story, but don't blame me if we're sued for libel or slander or something! Goodbye now, *lambykins!*"

A thunderous roar of oaths followed him to the door; and the words, "don't call me lamby . . . . . " were cut short by the loud slamming of the door. Outside, Pete shrugged his shoulders and hailed the first cab that came by. He gave the address of the swankiest hotel in town and settled back against the leather cushions to think of Mary Stuart. Even in the inflated post-war market her acting ability couldn't bring ten cents. But she WAS gorgeous . . . no one could deny *that*. And she had an uncanny knack of getting her name into the headlines. Like this last time, when someone had taken a potshot at her as she was driving her sleek cream-colored roadster along the Shore Parkway.

"Let me off here!" Pete shouted to the driver, as the taxi turned into 52nd Street.

There was Mary Stuart's snappy convertible parked at the curb, and Pete looked at it in awe. A neat bullet-hole broke the even surface of the rear window. It hadn't been replaced yet, and Pete whipped out his small pocket camera and took several pictures of the car, concentrating on that rear window.

WHEN PETE ENTERED Mary Stuart's apartment on the fifteenth floor he found that the glamorous moving picture star was only too glad to grant interviews. He found her smiling up at him from the divan, her hair arranged like a brilliant burst of sunlight and her mouth drawn into a bright red bow. Pete blinked at the shimmering blue material of her dress and his knees felt as if they were made of jelly when she turned her dazzling smile on him. But what really startled him most was the bright red bird perched on her shoulder!

"Please come in!" Mary Stuart said in a husky, intimate voice. "Don't just stand there like a piece of furniture! You're a reporter on one of the local sheets, aren't you?"

"Hold that pose - - - just for a sec!" Pete said in response, and snapped a picture of Mary Stuart stroking the bright red bird on her shoulder.

Before he could utter another word she began to feed the bird a cracker covered with caviar.

"Pepita tastes everything I eat," she explained, without looking at Pete. "I suspect you would like to tell your readers about the coming epic I just completed out in Hollywood?"

"Well - - - er - - - yes, that might not be a bad idea. You mean the starring role everyone thought Brenda Moore was going to get? *Love in the Forest*, I think they call it."

The actress' eyes narrowed just a trifle. "They decided . . . with good reason, I expect . . . that *I* was more suited to the role than a somewhat older woman like Brenda Moore!" she said with great emphasis.

The reporter cleared his throat. "As a matter of fact, Miss Stuart, what we were *really* interested in, down at the Gazette, was whether or not you had any personal theories about this recent attempt on your life. Have you any idea about who *might* have tried to kill you?"

Mary Stuart tilted her head so that the reporter might admire her famous profile, and stared moodily at the far wall.

"I would hate to accuse an innocent person unjustly," she said with some hesitation. "Particularly someone who might not be in complete control of his faculties . . . like a . . . a *drunk*, for instance."

Pete's eyes gleamed. *Drunk!* Everyone who followed the gossip columns in the newspapers knew that Tony Merrin, one of Hollywood's ace cameramen, was in love with Mary Stuart. It was equally well known that he was drunk a good portion of his waking hours. Did Mary Stuart suspect *him*? She certainly was making no secret of the fact that she despised him.

"You suspect no one in particular then?" the reporter persisted. "Surely you have protection of some sort?"

"When I go out," she admitted. "But I have no enemies, really - - - except possibly *professional* ones!"

Pete looked up. There was no mistaking the intent of *that* crack! It was obviously directed at Brenda Moore, the actress Mary Stuart had pushed out of the coveted role in *Love in the Forest!*

And she claimed that she didn't suspect anyone. Yet she had practically named Tony Merrin, the cameraman - - - and Brenda Moore,

her closest rival at Sensation Studios. Pete was aware that if he wrote her answers just as she had given them, the Gazette readers could not fail to recognize the famed cameraman and actress.

SUDDENLY the brilliant red bird gave a frightened chirp and toppled from Mary Stuart's shoulder into her lap. It was *dead!* Mary Stuart flung her arms wide and screamed at the top of her voice. Pete had to clap his hand over her mouth to quiet her . . . and then she rolled over in a dead faint. Pete picked up the cracker which had been covered with caviar . . . the one the actress had been feeding the bird. Mary Stuart hadn't touched it yet, herself. Pete sniffed at it.

"Poisoned!" he muttered, half-aloud. "One bite of *this* stuff, and she'd be as dead as a frozen mackerel!"

Mary Stuart opened her eyes, and a look of terror crossed her face.

"Y-you s-see!" she stuttered. "T-first they shot at m-me - - - now they're t-trying to p-poison me! I'm *frightened!*"

Pete scratched his head reflectively. "Well, lady," he said slowly, "I'd be a little frightened, too."

She gave him a contemptuous look.

You're a fine one to look to for help! she snapped. But as Pete made for the door, she added, "D-don't go, though - - - "

"Oh, I'm not leaving," Pete said. "I'm looking for the kitchen in this swanky hovel! There are so many doors around here that I - - - "

"In *there*," she said anxiously. "It must have been my maid! A-and I've always trusted her - - - " she looked at Pete imploringly.

WHAT PETE SAW IN the kitchen made him whistle softly between his teeth. The maid was stretched out on the floor, and from the awkwardness of her position Pete knew that her neck had been broken.

The door that led to the fire escape was open. Pete dashed over to it, and glanced up and down. There was no one in sight. Whoever had killed the maid and poisoned the food that Mary Stuart was going to eat - - - had already gotten away, safely.

Behind him Pete heard a startled sob. He turned to see Mary Stuart staring open-mouthed at the corpse on the kitchen floor. He hurried her into the next room, where she sat huddled in a corner, sobbing quietly . . . and uncontrollably. First he dialed Police Headquarters, then his editor.

"What! bellowed the editor. "You go out on an assignment to find out about an attempt on Mary Stuart's life, and you come back with the info that her *maid* has been murdered? What about the Stuart dame - - - she's the one I wanta know about! Is *she* dead too?

He could sense the disappointment at the other end of the wire when he passed along the information that Mary Stuart was unharmed. All that his editor wanted was a story - - - and he didn't care how he got it! "One of these days you'll send me out to murder someone," Pete said heatedly, "just so that I can write about it in the first-person!"

"What?" gasped the actress in the corner, staring horrified at Pete.

"Oh, there's nothing for you to be frightened about, sister," Pete said. Do I look like the murdering type?" He attempted a reassuring smile, but Mary Stuart broke out in louder sobs than before.

THEN PETE NOTICED something on a smoking table. A cigarette case with the engraved initials, *LC*. Pete's hand closed over the cigarette case quietly, and before pocketing it he glanced inside. The brand was Kentucky Club - - - and there were several half-smoked Kentucky Clubs in the silver ashtray on the smoking table.

LC - - - he knew those initials. The owner's name would come to him in a minute.

"Did you have any other visitors today?" he asked Mary Stuart. "Come on," he said reassuringly, "I want to help you all I can - - - " as she went on sniffling.

She shook her head.

"Not even someone named *Lester Craig?*" he asked slowly.

Her head shot up as if he had slapped her face.

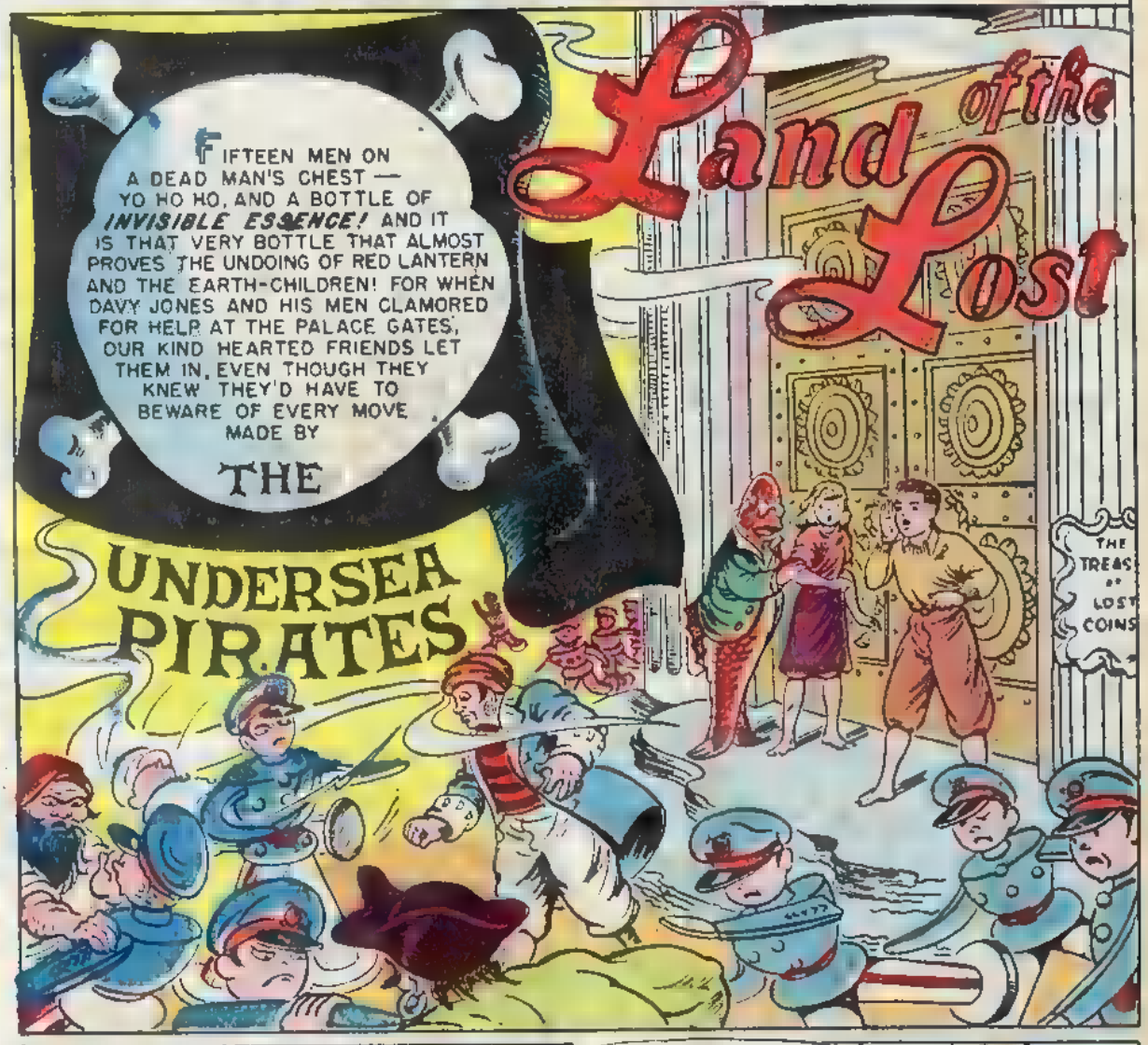
"How did *you* know?" she gasped. Then, in a defiant voice, "Well, what if he *was* here. We had a cocktail and a few cigarettes - - - then he left."

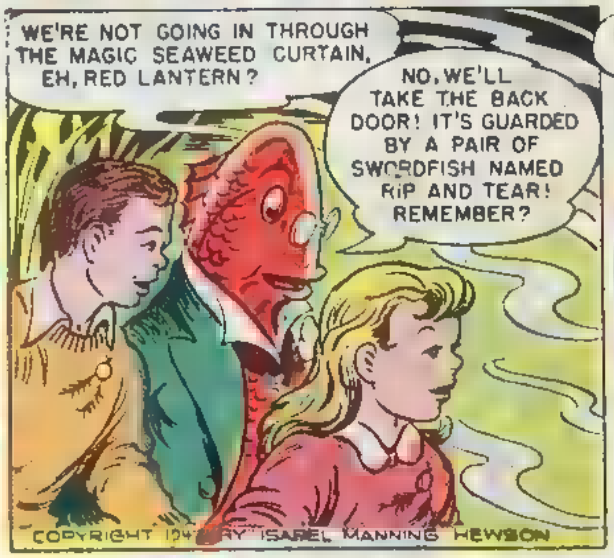
"You're quite sure that he didn't come back?" Pete asked. "To put a little arsenic in your caviar, for example?"

Her eyes were ablaze. "Why, that's ridiculous - - - I'll swear he didn't do it!"

"Well, I wouldn't swear it," the reporter said, his eyes studying her face. "But perhaps you can explain to me what the fiancée of your bitterest rival, Brenda Moore, was doing in your apartment this afternoon?"

READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF *LAND OF THE LOST COMICS* FOR THE SOLUTION TO THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY!


Land of the Lost
FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST — YO HO HO, AND A BOTTLE OF INVISIBLE ESSENCE! AND IT IS THAT VERY BOTTLE THAT ALMOST PROVES THE UNDOING OF RED LANTERN AND THE EARTH-CHILDREN! FOR WHEN DAVY JONES AND HIS MEN CLAMORED FOR HELP AT THE PALACE GATES, OUR KIND HEARTED FRIENDS LET THEM IN, EVEN THOUGH THEY KNEW THEY'D HAVE TO BEWARE OF EVERY MOVE MADE BY
THE UNDERSEA PIRATES
THE TREAS OF LOST COINS


WE'RE NOT GOING IN THROUGH THE MAGIC SEAWEED CURTAIN, EH, RED LANTERN?
NO, WE'LL TAKE THE BACK DOOR! IT'S GUARDED BY A PAIR OF SWORDFISH NAMED RIP AND TEAR! REMEMBER?
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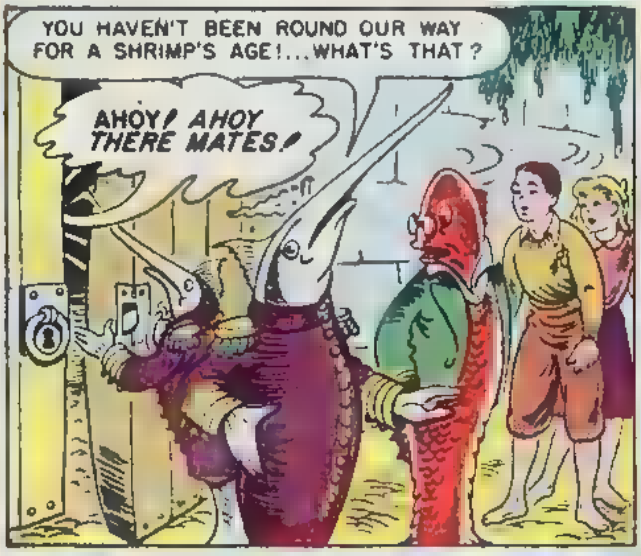
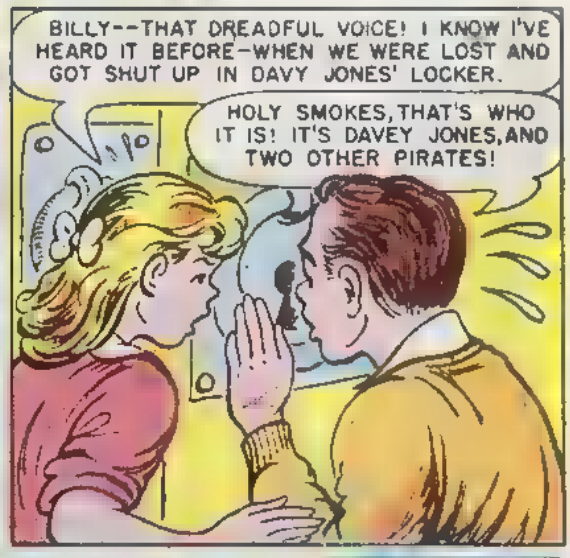
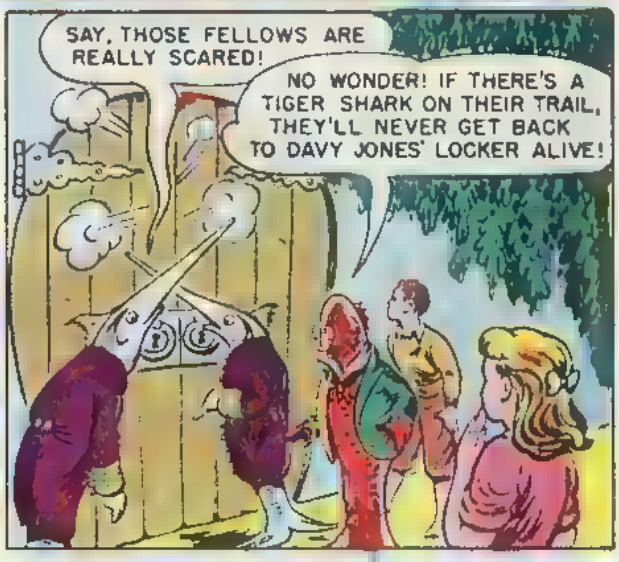
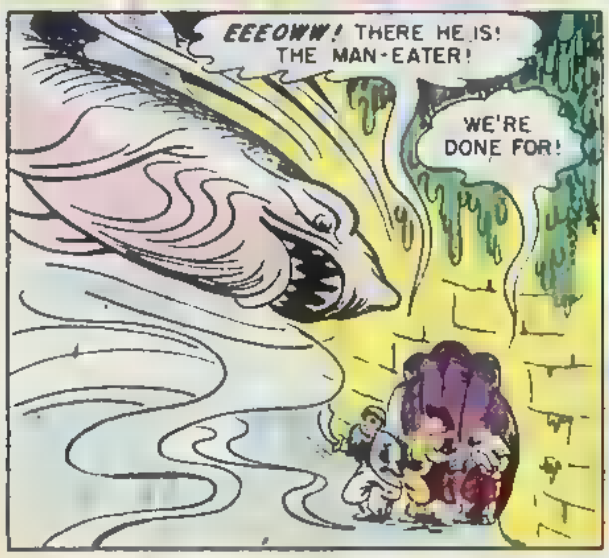
WELL, WELL, BOYS -- HOW'S EVERYTHING?
FAIR TO BUBBLING, RED LANTERN!
THE TOP OF THE TIDE TO YOU!
1

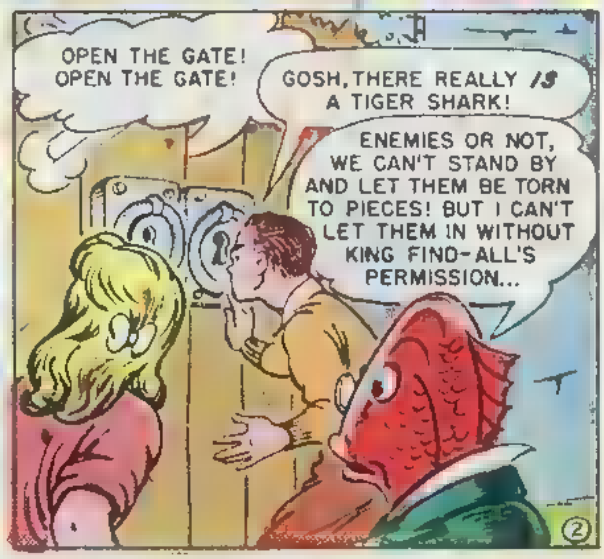

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ROUND OUR WAY FOR A SHRIMP'S AGE!...WHAT'S THAT?
AHOY! AHOY THERE MATES!

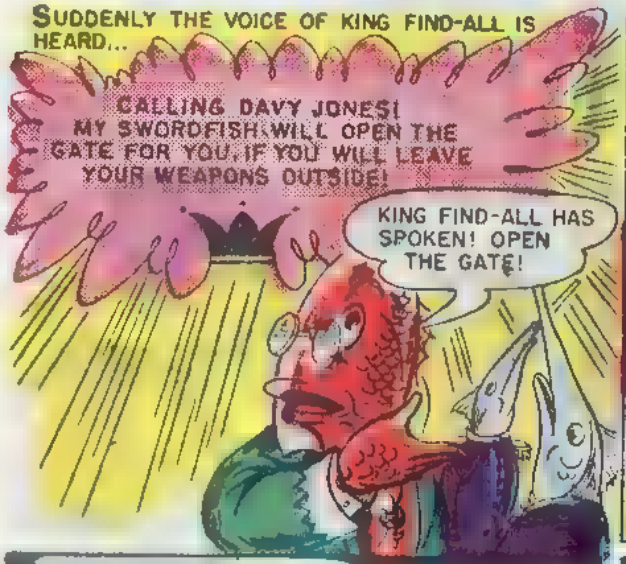

BILLY--THAT DREADFUL VOICE! I KNOW I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE—WHEN WE WERE LOST AND GOT SHUT UP IN DAVY JONES' LOCKER.
HOLY SMOKES, THAT'S WHO IT IS! IT'S DAVEY JONES, AND TWO OTHER PIRATES!

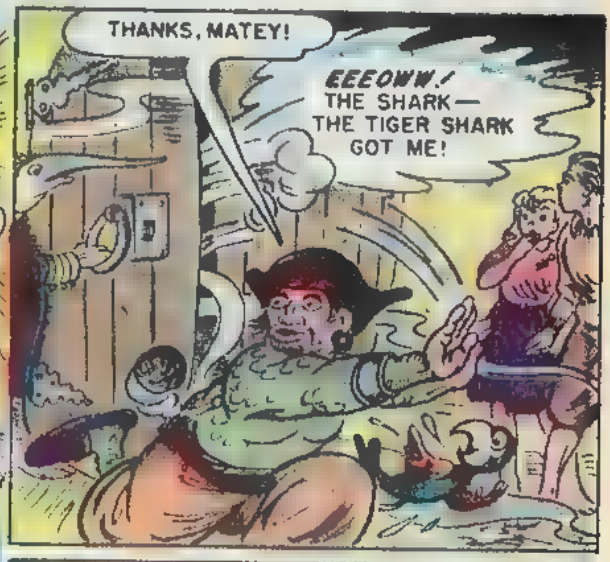
LET US IN, YOU NEEDLE-NOSED FOOLS! THERE'S A TIGER SHARK AFTER US!
HELP US! HURRY!

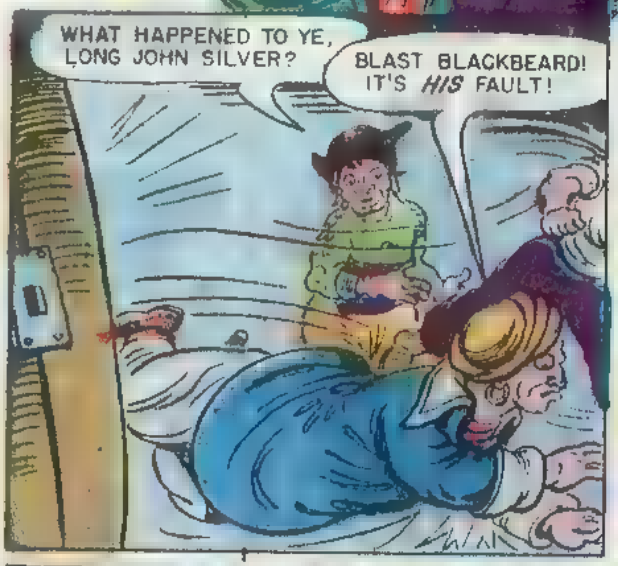

SAY, THOSE FELLOWS ARE REALLY SCARED!
NO WONDER! IF THERE'S A TIGER SHARK ON THEIR TRAIL, THEY'LL NEVER GET BACK TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER ALIVE!

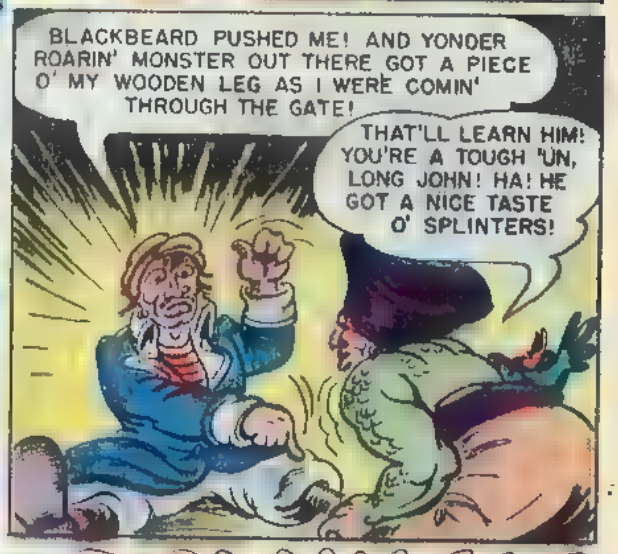

EEEOWW! THERE HE IS! THE MAN-EATER!
WE'RE DONE FOR!

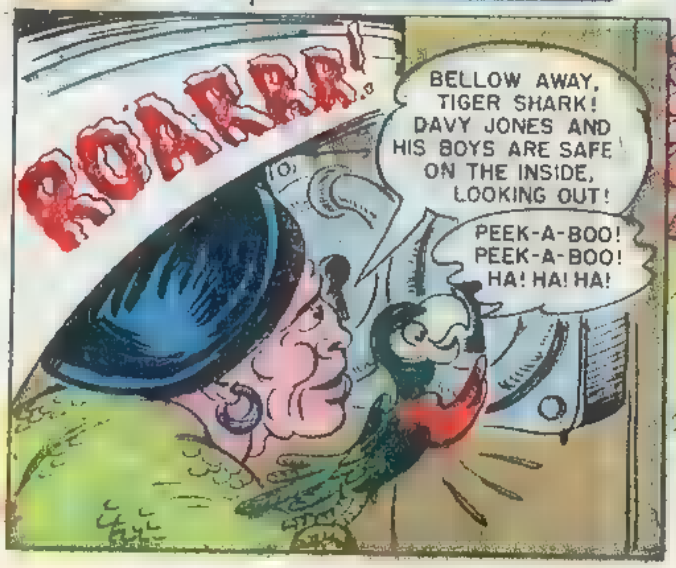

OPEN THE GATE! OPEN THE GATE!
GOSH, THERE REALLY IS A TIGER SHARK!
ENEMIES OR NOT, WE CAN'T STAND BY AND LET THEM BE TORN TO PIECES! BUT I CAN'T LET THEM IN WITHOUT KING FIND-ALL'S PERMISSION...
2


SUDDENLY THE VOICE OF KING FIND-ALL IS HEARD...
CALLING DAVY JONES! MY SWORDFISH WILL OPEN THE GATE FOR YOU, IF YOU WILL LEAVE YOUR WEAPONS OUTSIDE!
KING FIND-ALL HAS SPOKEN! OPEN THE GATE!


THANKS, MATEY!
EEEOWW! THE SHARK— THE TIGER SHARK GOT ME!

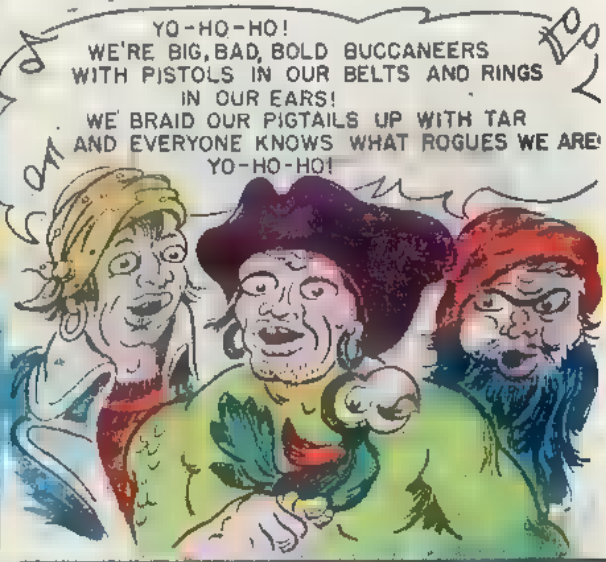

WHAT HAPPENED TO YE, LONG JOHN SILVER?
BLAST BLACKBEARD! IT'S HIS FAULT!

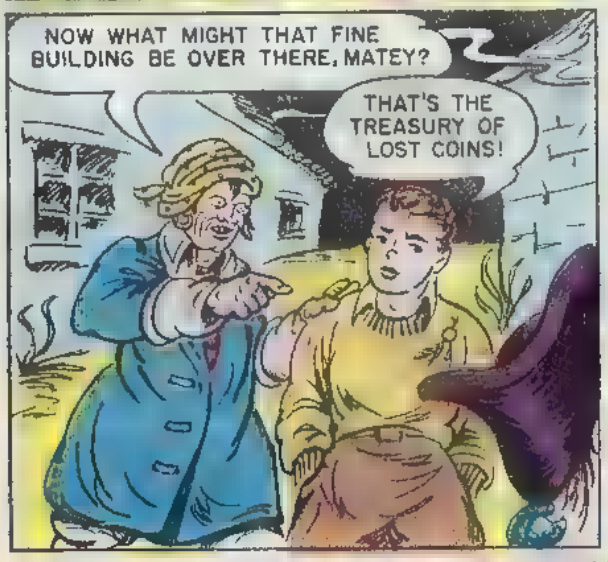

BLACKBEARD PUSHED ME! AND YONDER ROARIN' MONSTER OUT THERE GOT A PIECE O' MY WOODEN LEG AS I WERE COMIN' THROUGH THE GATE!
THAT'LL LEARN HIM! YOU'RE A TOUGH 'UN, LONG JOHN! HA! HE GOT A NICE TASTE O' SPLINTERS!

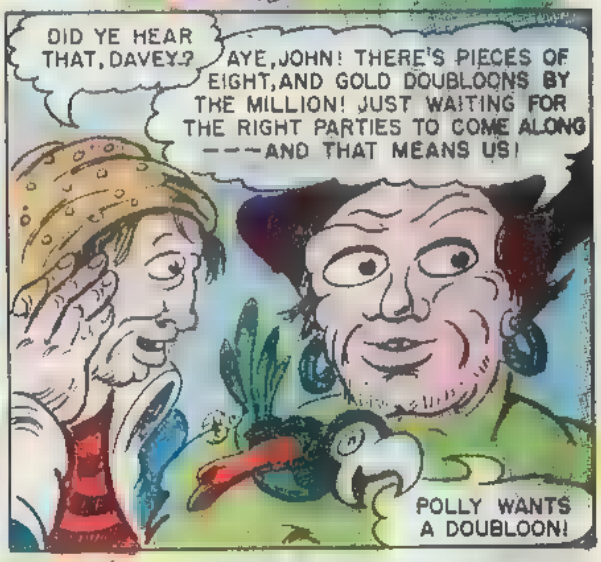

ROARRR!
BELLOW AWAY, TIGER SHARK! DAVY JONES AND HIS BOYS ARE SAFE ON THE INSIDE, LOOKING OUT!
PEEK-A-BOO! PEEK-A-BOO! HA! HA! HA!

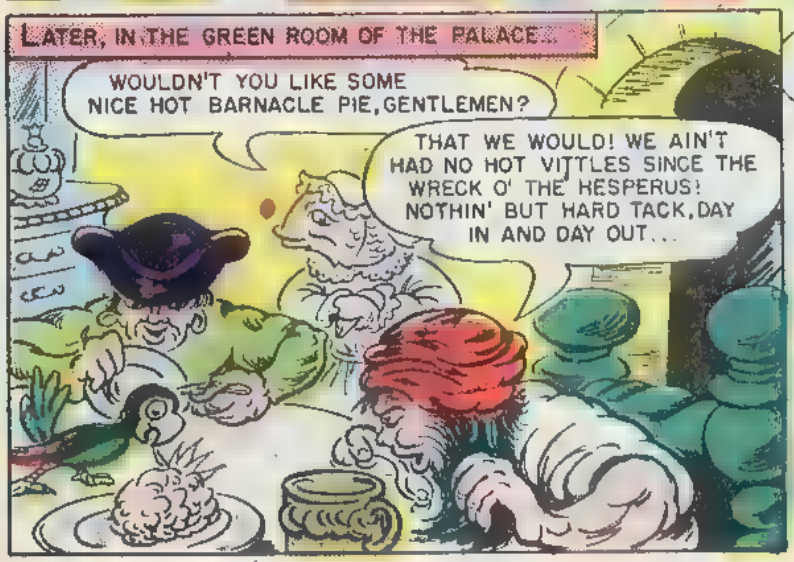
RED LANTERN! BRING THE THREE BUCCANEERS TO THE PALACE, AND KEEP THEM THERE IN CUSTODY UNTIL IT IS SAFE FOR THEM TO TRAVEL BACK TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!

ARE THOSE GUYS REALLY PIRATES?
THEY SURE ARE! THAT'S DAVY JONES HIMSELF, AND BLACKBEARD, AND LONG JOHN SILVER!


YO-HO-HO! WE'RE BIG, BAD, BOLD BUCCANEERS WITH PISTOLS IN OUR BELTS AND RINGS IN OUR EARS! WE BRAID OUR PIGTAILS UP WITH TAR AND EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT ROGUES WE ARE! YO-HO-HO!

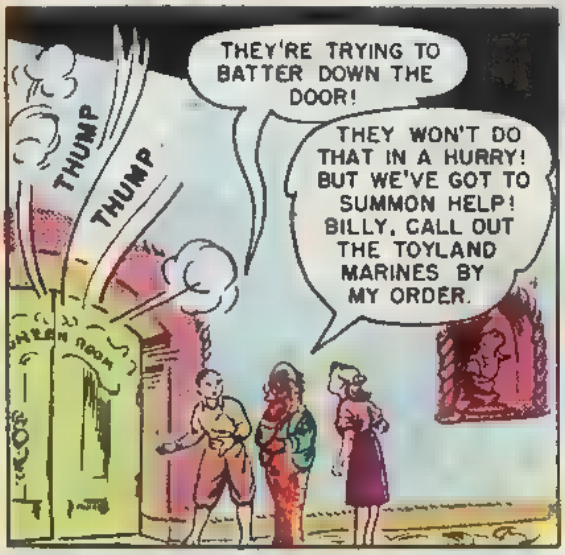

NOW WHAT MIGHT THAT FINE BUILDING BE OVER THERE, MATEY?
THAT'S THE TREASURY OF LOST COINS!

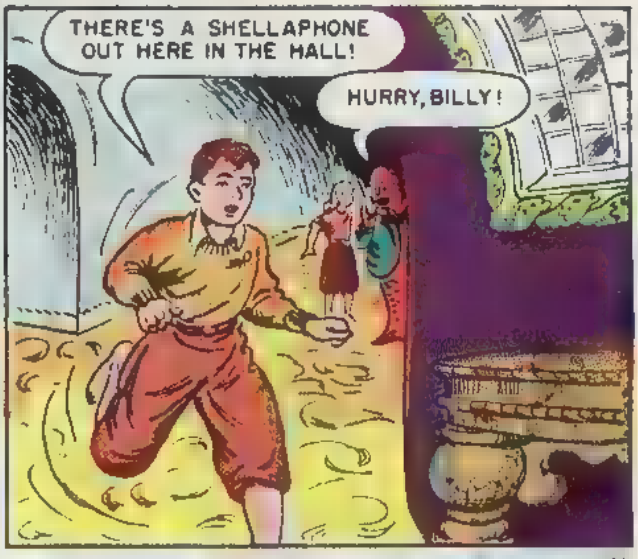

DID YE HEAR THAT, DAVEY?
AYE, JOHN! THERE'S PIECES OF EIGHT, AND GOLD DOUBLOONS BY THE MILLION! JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT PARTIES TO COME ALONG ---AND THAT MEANS US!
POLLY WANTS A DOUBLOON!

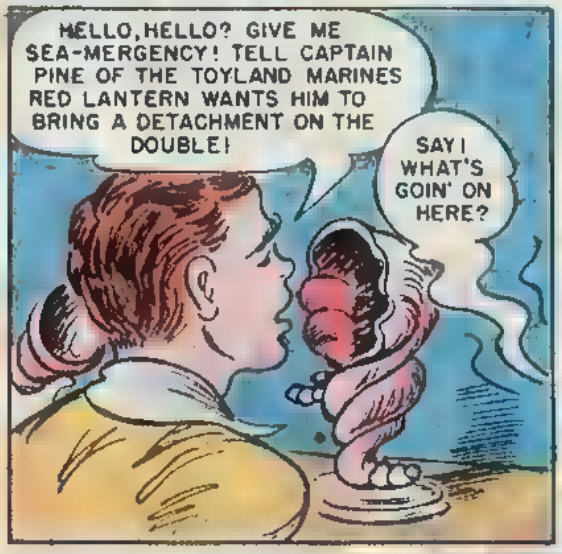

LATER, IN THE GREEN ROOM OF THE PALACE...
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE SOME NICE HOT BARNACLE PIE, GENTLEMEN?
THAT WE WOULD! WE AIN'T HAD NO HOT VITTLES SINCE THE WRECK O' THE HESPERUS! NOTHIN' BUT HARD TACK, DAY IN AND DAY OUT...

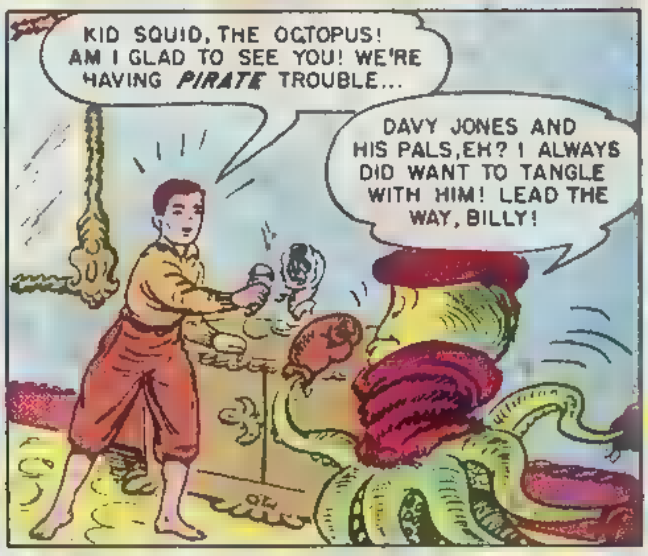
MY GRACIOUS, LOOK AT THEM GOBBLE! WHY, THEY'VE PRACTICALLY CLEANED THEIR PLATES OFF ALREADY!
THEY'RE A BAD LOT! IF YOU ASK ME, THE SOONER WE'RE RID OF THEM THE BETTER!
BR-R-R-ING!

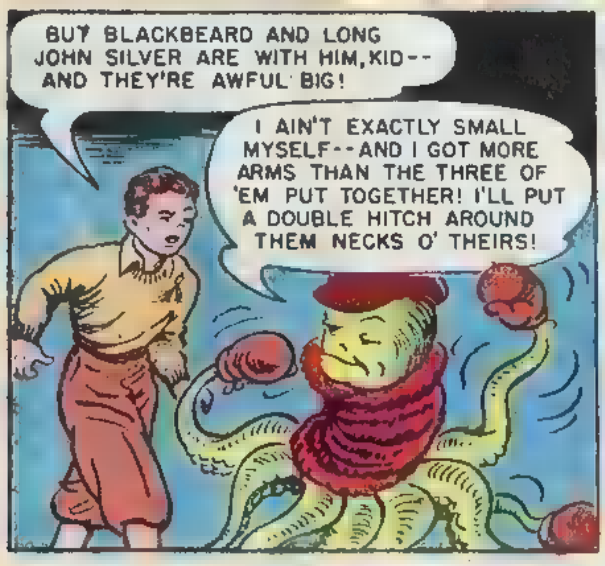
ROYAL PALACE.. RED LANTERN SPEAKING! WHAT'S THAT? THE TIGER SHARK IS GONE! OH. THANK NEPTUNE!
WELL, THAT TAKES YOU OFF THE HOOK, DAVY! YOU CAN GO, NOW!
NOT SO FAST, MATEY! DAVY JONES KNOWS A SNUG HARBOR WHEN HE SEES IT--AND THIS HERE PALACE SEEMS AN IDEEL SPOT FOR A GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE TO DROP ANCHOR!
IT'S NO PLACE FOR YOU TO DROP ANCHOR, DAVY JONES! YOU ARE TO LEAVE THIS PALACE AT ONCE!
OH, IT'S ORDERS YE'RE GIVIN' ME, IS IT? I'M NOT LEAVIN' UNTIL I'VE GOT ME HANDS ON SOME O' THE COINS IN YOUR TREASURY!
BUT I'LL PUT YE OUT O' HARMS' WAY FIRST!
TROUBLE'S BUBBLING! WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
COME ON TADPOLES! OUTSIDE... AND LOCK THE DOOR!
SHIVER MY TIMBERS! GRAB 'EM!
WHE-EW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
AVAST THERE!
OPEN UP!
GREEN ROOM

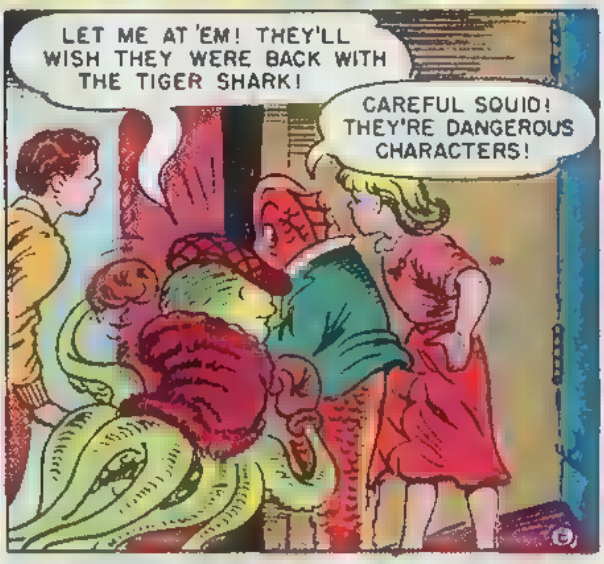

THEY'RE TRYING TO BATTER DOWN THE DOOR!
THUMP
THUMP
THEY WON'T DO THAT IN A HURRY! BUT WE'VE GOT TO SUMMON HELP! BILLY, CALL OUT THE TOYLAND MARINES BY MY ORDER.


THERE'S A SHELLAPHONE OUT HERE IN THE HALL!
HURRY, BILLY!

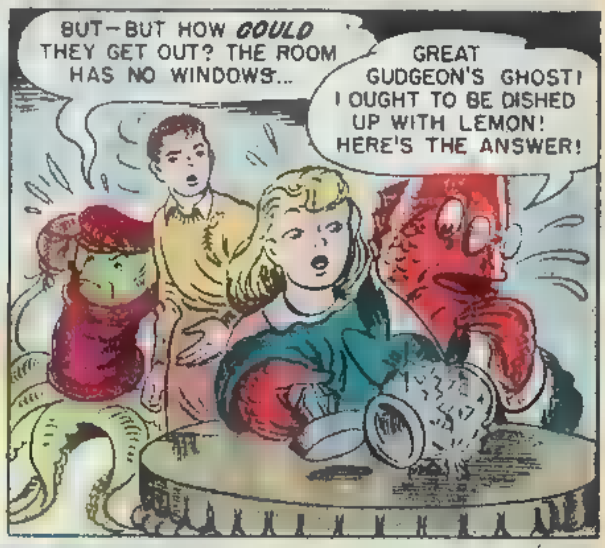

HELLO, HELLO? GIVE ME SEA-MERGENCY! TELL CAPTAIN PINE OF THE TOYLAND MARINES RED LANTERN WANTS HIM TO BRING A DETACHMENT ON THE DOUBLE!
SAY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

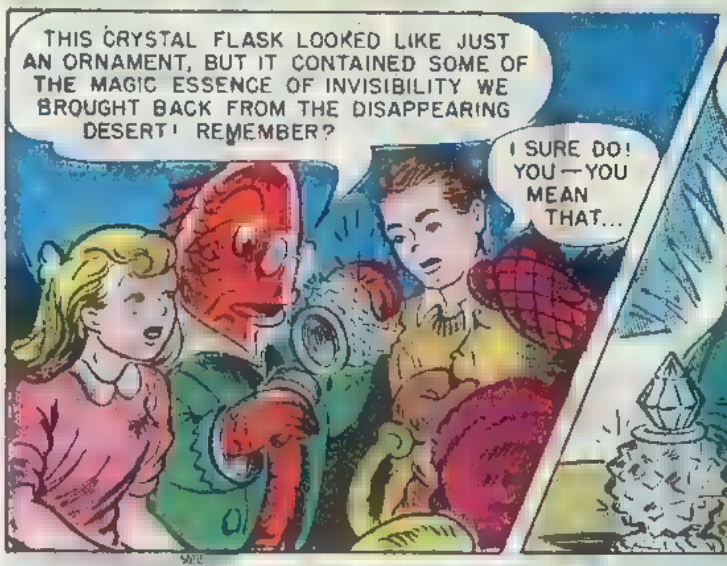

KID SQUID, THE OCTOPUS! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! WE'RE HAVING *PIRATE* TROUBLE...
DAVY JONES AND HIS PALS, EH? I ALWAYS DID WANT TO TANGLE WITH HIM! LEAD THE WAY, BILLY!

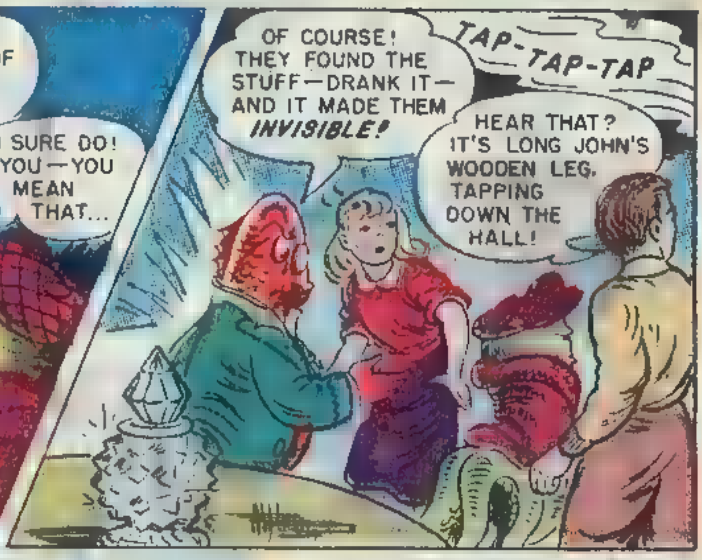

BUT BLACKBEARD AND LONG JOHN SILVER ARE WITH HIM, KID-- AND THEY'RE AWFUL BIG!
I AIN'T EXACTLY SMALL MYSELF--AND I GOT MORE ARMS THAN THE THREE OF 'EM PUT TOGETHER! I'LL PUT A DOUBLE HITCH AROUND THEM NECKS O' THEIRS!


LET ME AT 'EM! THEY'LL WISH THEY WERE BACK WITH THE TIGER SHARK!
CAREFUL SQUID! THEY'RE DANGEROUS CHARACTERS!

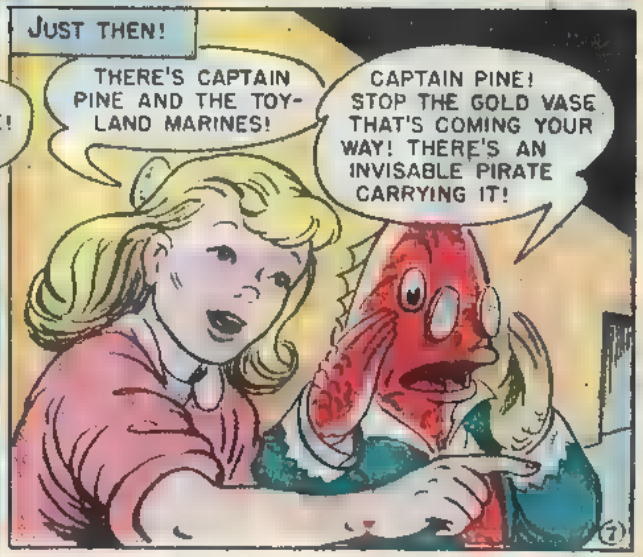
NOW, YOU LAWBREAKIN' SONS OF SEACOOKS! STAND UP AND FIGHT!
THE ROOM IS EMPTY— THEY'RE GONE!
SURPRISE! SURPRISE! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!


BUT—BUT HOW COULD THEY GET OUT? THE ROOM HAS NO WINDOWS...
GREAT GUDGEON'S GHOST! I OUGHT TO BE DISHED UP WITH LEMON! HERE'S THE ANSWER!

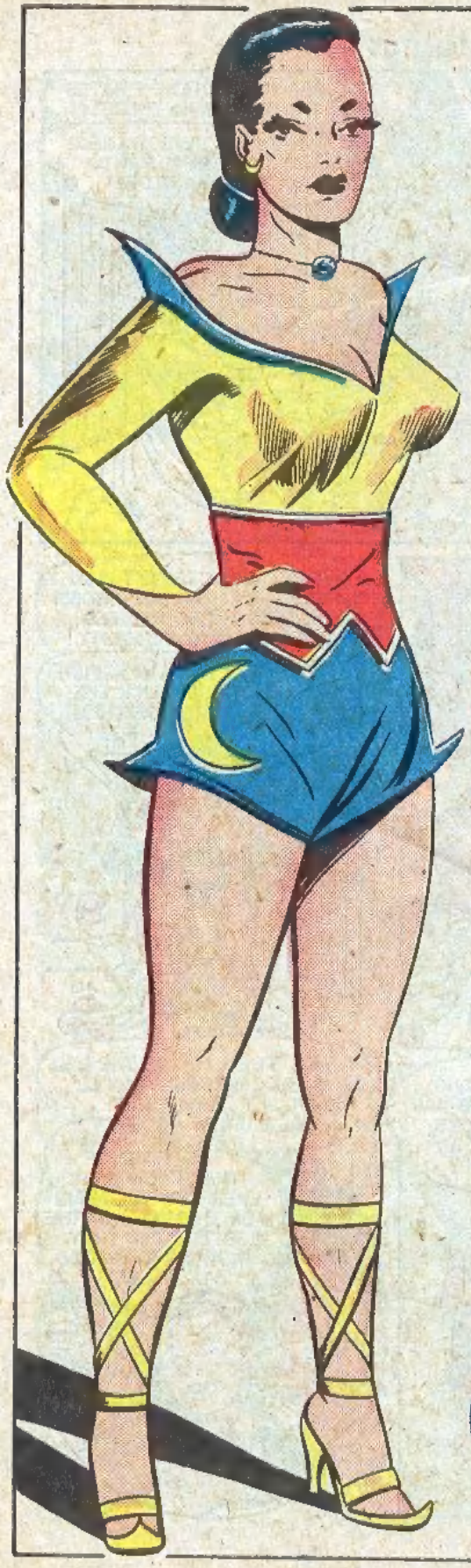

THIS CRYSTAL FLASK LOOKED LIKE JUST AN ORNAMENT, BUT IT CONTAINED SOME OF THE MAGIC ESSENCE OF INVISIBILITY WE BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DISAPPEARING DESERT! REMEMBER?
I SURE DO! YOU—YOU MEAN THAT...


OF COURSE! THEY FOUND THE STUFF—DRANK IT—AND IT MADE THEM INVISIBLE!
TAP-TAP-TAP
HEAR THAT? IT'S LONG JOHN'S WOODEN LEG, TAPPING DOWN THE HALL!

THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE TREASURY OF LOST COINS OR I MISS MY GUESS!
LOOK! THAT GOLD VASE JUMPED RIGHT OFF THE TABLE! ONE OF THE PIRATES MUST HAVE SNATCHED IT!


JUST THEN!
THERE'S CAPTAIN PINE AND THE TOY-LAND MARINES!
CAPTAIN PINE! STOP THE GOLD VASE THAT'S COMING YOUR WAY! THERE'S AN INVISABLE PIRATE CARRYING IT!

'TEN-SHUN, MARINES! CLOSE RANKS SO THEY CAN'T GET THROUGH! FORWARD SPLASH!
WE'RE TRAPPED, DAVY! WHAT NEXT?
INTO THAT DOOR! QUICK!
THE DOOR OPENED! THE PIRATES MUST HAVE GONE IN THERE!
THEN WE'VE GOT THEM! THAT DOOR LEADS INTO AN EELABORATORY!
...AND IT'S FULL OF HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRIC EELS!
HA-HA! EELECTRICITY IS A WONDERFUL THING, POLLYWOGS! IT SHOCKED THOSE PIRATES RIGHT BACK INTO VISIBILITY!
EVEN A WEAKFISH COULD LICK THE THREE OF THEM NOW!
SECONDS LATER...
WE GIVE UP! WE'LL COME QUIET! I DON'T WANT TO MEET UP WITH THOSE EELS AGAIN...
BRING 'EM ALONG SQUID. YOU AND CAPTAIN PINE ESCORT THEM TO THE REAR GATE, AND GOOD RIDDANCE.
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE BAD, BOLD BUCCANEERS! THEY'LL NEVER GET ANY OF OUR TREASURE!
IF YOU ASK ME, NONE OF THAT CREW WILL EVER SET SAIL AGAIN FOR THE LAND OF THE LOST! NOT IF THEY KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR THEM!



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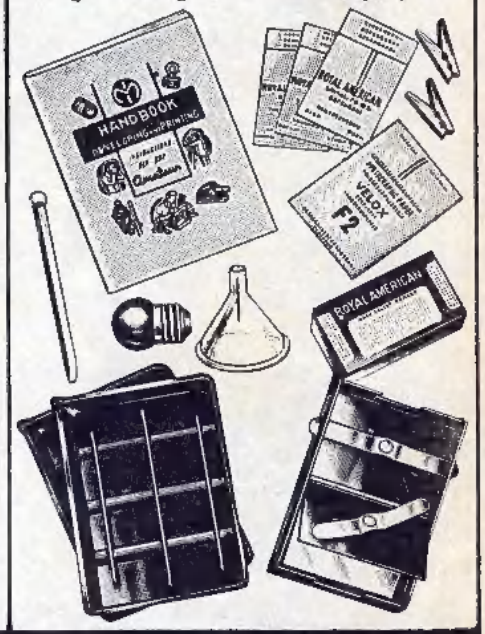
You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



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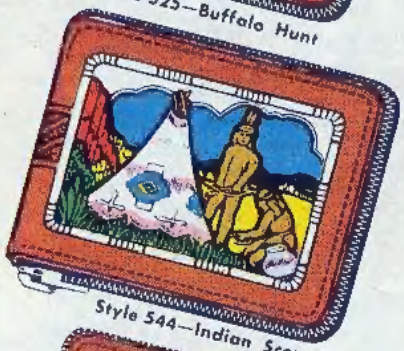

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